THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL.

By T. K. Hervey.

How lofty, amid the dim visions,
My quiet footsteps falls—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!

Death's harvests of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The laborer was Sin:
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!

Alike o'er each, alike o'er all,
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner in the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave—
Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead;
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each shattering head.

And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by,
And tou hes the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words;
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they sing of many an age;
And tales, to which each grave stone
Is but the title page

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crushed his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quenched his fire;
The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute;
And all the trumpets of the earth
In the soldier's ear are mute.

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the artificial bed
Where Death is the young man's bride:
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe, whose path from heaven, back,
Was but its mother's womb.

The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet smile,
O'er the headless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast;
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's home
Is hushed for evermore.

* * * * * *

My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill
No grief for vanish'd years!—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark;
But like those sleepers, I shall yet
Go up into that ark!"

THE VISIONARY SEAMAN.

Standing in the counting-room of our office, a few days since, we saw enter two young men in sailors' habits; one of them inquired for the editor—whom he must see and converse with alone. Taking him into our private room, we prepared for the recital of shipwreck, or the discovery of some new volcanic island. The young man was about twenty-five years of age; he was dressed in canvass trowsers, a blue jacket and vest over a red flannel shirt, and a tarpaulin hat. Notwithstanding his sun-burnt visage he was rather good looking, his dark eye was restless and inflamed, and his frequent changes of position showed his mind ill at ease. He had, he said, a revelation to make which he thought worthy of being known. We requested him to give us some notes from which we could make out a statement; but he said he could neither read nor write, and must therefore deal with us *vive voce*.

Having satisfied himself that there was none but ourselves and a small boy within hearing, he prepared for his recital.

'I was on the passage,' said he, 'from Cape Francois to Boston, in the ship ——, a few months since, and one night, while standing alone at the helm, I heard a female voice calling to me from the main chains—I started with some apprehensions—when it again hailed evidently nearer than before! I demanded its wishes—it promised to make to me some important revelations at another period. A few nights afterwards, the same voice addressed me again—more familiar now with its tones, I listened with less apprehension of personal danger. It fulfilled, in part, its promise, and opened up to me secrets which if I might use them, would give me wealth and honor. After that time the voice did not wait for night, it came to my ear at all hours; it warned me of impending evils from long trusted friends—and pointed to means of avoiding the secretly spread snare. I have lain down in my berth for rest, and the busy voice has whispered in my ear the secrets of nature, that the Philosopher has studied for in vain—I have lain out upon the yard at night, when the wildest winds have shattered our canvass like a cobweb, and while the dark spray dashed high and wide over our heads, and midst the screaming of the blast, and the loud bellowing of the thunder, that voice has been with me and poured into my ear the secrets of the causes of these wonders.

I have asked for knowledge, and the same voice hath answered with more than satisfaction. I have learned the deep mysteries that men have carried hushed up in their bosoms without utterance—and only revealed their possession thereof to others who had drawn from the same dark fountains by occult signs, and strangely uttered words. The secrets of the grave have been told to me in language as simple as the legends of infancy. Sated with knowledge of what was to come, I asked of the past—not of this year, nor of this century—but of ages gone—when as yet this world upon which we move had other forms and other uses—and the knowledge came to me in that all instructive voice. I heard that all planets grew by attraction, and would perish by motion, and that we should pass from each to the other, ascending in our nature in each remove—while the globe we left should perish of its usefulness. I asked for proof—and the voice spoke of the asteroids that hang between Mars and Jupiter, and which diminish in every cycle—it bade me remember those forms in the southern heavens, which men denominate the Magellanic clouds. These vapory bodies were once solid globes like this earth, but the probation of their inhabitants passed long since—and they are fading away without a name. "I remember, now," continued the sailor, as his tall form dilated, and he raised his arm in the warmth of narration—"I remember the scenes of these same worlds that we now call Magellanic clouds, and I could reveal to you the great causes by which they have lost their consistency. I could waken up in you like the recalled dreams of infancy, the remembrance of these long passed ages, when *you* were a habitant of that fading world; there, as here, men were all wicked—there, as here, they chased me with poison—there I was wise without profit, and was endowed with knowledge that only brought derision!—But hear the revelation that must alter the destiny of this nation, if not of this age: write it down now, that I may not again fail in its promulgation—for I cannot at all times give it utterance."

He drew near me, leaning his head near mine, and with a suppressed tone proceeded—"Within six months from this time there will be brought —— did you hear that voice?"

"It comes again," said he, "and I cannot proceed." His face had become pale, and his eyes wandered with painful rapidity. "I will come again when I am permitted—but it is ever thus—I must go and hear the whole—the fearful but certain doomings of all that is great and good around me—but I cannot utter a word to break the spell. I shall live in the full course of knowledge—seeing the approach of evil without power to avoid it, and without permission to warn others of its coming." He left the room with a hurried step.—

"Father," said the small boy, "was not that man crazy."——

It is certain that *he* did not suspect himself of being deranged.—*U. S. Gazette.*

HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.

A few days since, a Broker, who resided in one of our large commercial cities, was observed to be most unaccountably growing rich, notwithstanding a numerous family were dependent on him for support, and his business was known to be but very inconsiderable. His conduct was therefore closely watched—and the secret soon came out. It was this—whenever any lots of spices, coffee, or sugar, were offered for sale, he appeared on the spot in the ostensible capacity of agent for a buyer, and took *large samples from every lot.* He sometimes was so fortunate as to be able to take samples from twenty or thirty different lots in a day. When by this means he had got together a large quantity, he promptly disposed of it for cash, at market price. But the discovery of his artful system of acquiring wealth, was made too late to injure him, for he was then upon the point of retiring from business.

We have often heard grocers complain of the frequent visits of sociable, good-natured, penurious neighbors, who commit melancholy depredations on the good things within their reach, but without purchasing an article.

It is not long since that a grocer of our acquaintance was so annoyed by the visits of Captain M., a parsimonious wretch with a soul no bigger than a mite's eye, that he could bear it no longer, and resolved to compensate him in kind. He therefore opened a bag of excellent almonds and a box of delicious raisins, and placed them within the range of the Captain's searching eye. Whenever the Captain was present, the Grocer and his assistant were always busy in another part of the shop; the Captain boldly helped himself to the good things, and more than once, when he thought he was unperceived, he filled his pockets also. In six weeks not a raisin nor an almond were to be seen in either box or bag; the Captain, without any assistance from the grocer's customers, had made way with them all! A bill was soon after handed to the Captain, made out somewhat in the following fashion:

Capt. M——,	To —— ——,	Dr.
To one box of raisins,	- -	$3.75
" one bag of almonds,	- -	6.25
		$10.00

When this bill was handed to him accompanied with an explanation of the circumstances, "he raved, he stamped, he swore." But as the grocer very properly threatened to appeal to justice if the bill was not settled immediately, his avarice alarmed him with the expenses of a lawsuit, and suggested that being so fairly taken in, there was nothing to be done, in prudence, but to pay the money peaceably. By this innocent stratagem, Mr. M—— got rid of the Captain's tasting visits. *Exeter News-Letter.*

BACHELOR'S FARE.

We have come from listening to the story of a vagabone *chield*, over which we laughed intolerably—to the no small discomfort of the narrator. It seems that some days since, a racy celibate of fifty, and a single gentleman of thirty-one or two, or three, or thereabouts, tenants of the same domicile, were invited to an evening party. A prolonged session was anticipated, and the "gentlemen boarders," influenced by their good feelings towards the "widow," who presided over the domestic arrangements of their dwelling-house, and indisposed to create any alarm by their untimely entrance to the annoyance of "the sleepers," proposed to take with them the key of the outer door, so that they could let themselves in, at any hour, without disturbing the family. The proposition was agreed to, and a promise made that good fires should be kept up in their rooms against their return. Our gentlemen bachelors sallied forth; their host received them with all the kindness and hospitality possible; time trod on flowers, noiseless and unnoticed, until the elder of the pair bethought him of the waning hours; the company was gradually dispersing, and he was reminded of the snug room and blazing fire that awaited his return to the provident widow's. "Go call a coach, and let a coach be called, and let him that calls it be the caller, and let him nothing call but coach! coach! coach!"

The coach drew up. Our gentleman popped himself and his pumps into it, and ordered the driver to set him down at Mrs. Blank's, in Blank street. The driver did set him down there, received his pay, and drove off, leaving his customer at the door, (the thermometer at 13 above zero,) fumbling for "*the key.*"

It had most unaccountably vanished; it was neither in his vest pocket, nor his coat pocket, nor in either of the pockets of his pantaloons. "Thirty-two" must have taken it, but "thirty-two or thereabouts" had volunteered to see a lady home, and it would be some time before he returned. Well, patience! patience! Our hero remained on the door step, stamping his feet, swearing at his pumps, tugging at the bell pull, and wondering why, in the name of all that was comfortable, they did not let him in. Poor feliow! He had forgotten that every body was asleep, far off from the noise of the bell, and that he had promised to "let himself in." By and by, along came his companion. "Have you got the key?" "Got the Key! no,—haven't *you* got the key?" "I got the key!—No." "The devil! havn't you got the key?" "No." "Well, here's a pair of us." "What shall we do? I am half frozen." "Ring the bell." "I have rung it until my arms ache." "Then beat against the door." "I have beat till my ankles ache." "What shall we do?" "Don't ask me, I can't tell: sleep in the street, or," "or what?" "Go to the Exchange." "Well, here's for the Exchange."

So away they went; the clock had begun to strike little ones, the weather was cold—bitter cold; they had been to some expense for hackhire; they had spent an hour or so most uncomfortably in the street, and were compelled, as a dernier resort, to wake up the porter of a public house, and turn into strange beds, because, forsooth, the one had left "*the key*" to the charge of the other, and the other had left it to the charge of the one, and between them both, it was suffered to remain all night on the parlor mantel-piece where it had been placed by one of the parties in order that it might not be forgotten." The probability is, that neither will do a good natured thing again so long as he lives, and that their landlady or her domestics will be compelled to set up more nights than they desire, in order "to accommodate the boarders."—*Boston Transcript*

THE MOTHER.

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care;
Time wrote his sorrows on her brow,
And in her frosted hair.

Hope from her breast had torn away
Its tooting scathed and dry—
And on the pleasures of the gay,
She turned a joyless eye.

What was it, that like sunbeam clear,
O'er her wan features run,
As pressing toward her deafened ear,
I named her absent son?

What was it?—Ask the mother's breast
Through which a fountain flows,
Perennial, fathomless, and blest,
By winter never froze.

What was it?—Ask the King of Kings,
Who hath decreed above,
That change shall mark all mortal things,
Except a mother's love. L. H. S.

From the work-bench to College, and from College back again to the work-bench.—The Augusta Courier says: Our neighbour F. has the right notion of things. He is a mechanic, and has accumulated a competent fortune by minding his own business and letting other people's alone. He has two promising and industrious sons, whom he is able to educate at college. One is now pursuing a course of education at college, and the other is preparing to follow him soon. During vacations, and at all leisure seasons, they find their place at the work-bench with their father. After securing the honors of College, they will not become ministers, lawyers, nor doctors, but *mechanics.* Acquiring in schools and in college, the essential principles of their future occupations, when they return, they will *finish their education* as apprentices to some worthy mechanic. And even now we venture to predict of them, they will obtain a better living, and rise to more envied distinction in society, than the majority of their class mates who enter the learned professions. An education not reducible—pardon the word—to *practical* purposes is of little worth, and ought to confer but little honor on its possessor.

Superstition in Abyssinia.—I cannot help adverting to a practice which is not unfrequent, but which might appear fabulous to any one who has not witnessed it. When a woman has had one, two, or more children, and they have all died, she will, in hopes of saving the life of another just born, cut off a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread, and swallow it; and others will keep one side only of the head shaved until the child is grown up. For some time I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and, when told the truth, I could scarcely believe it, till I went into the house of a neighbour, though contrary to the custom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a pit of cold cooked victuals, called *sherro*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."—*Pearce's Residence.*

Trifling with Hymen. A singular scene took place at one of our churches, in this city, this week. A rustic swain, who had been duly published as John Wright, stonemason, who intended to take Mary Botterill, both of this city, "for better or for worse," when he and his bride approached the Hymeneal altar, was demented by some evil influence at the words "to have and to hold from henceforth," &c. and could only be made to say "forever and a fortnight afterwards," upon which the clergyman closed the book, and John, who is a farmer's servant, retired a bachelor, leaving his disconsolate intended to mourn over her disappointment.—*York Herald.*

MISCELLANY.

From the Diary of a Physician.

MOTHER AND SON.

(Concluded.)

To proceed with my narrative, after recounting such a lamentable catastrophe, is like conducting a a spectator to the death-strewn plain after the day of battle! All, in the once-happy family of Beauchamp, was thenceforth sorrow, sickness, broken-heartedness, and death. As for the unhappy Beauchamp, he was released from the horrors of a prison, only to 'turn his pale face to the wall,' on a lingering, languishing, bed of sickness, which he could not quit, even to follow the poor remains of his mother to their final resting-place in ——shire. He was not only confined to his bed, but wholly unconscious of the time of the burial; for a fierce nervous fever kept him in a state of delirium. Another physician and myself were in constant attendance on him. Poor Miss Beauchamp also was ill; and, if possible, in a worse plight than her cousin. The reader cannot be surprised that such long and intense sufferings should have shattered her vital energies—should have sown the seeds of *consumption* in her constitution. Her pale, emaciated, shadowy figure, is now before me!—After continuing under my care for several weeks, her mother carried her home into ——shire, in a most precarious state, hoping the usual beneficial results expected from a return to native air. Poor girl! She gave me a little pearl ring, as a keepsake, the day she went; and intrusted to me a rich diamond ring, to give to her cousin Henry: 'It is too large now, for *my* fingers' said she, with a sigh, as she dropped it into my hand from her wasted finger! 'Tell him,' said she, 'as soon as you consider it safe, that my love is his—my whole heart! And though we may never meet on this side the grave, let him wear it to *think* of me, and *hope* for happiness hereafter." These were among the last words that sweet young woman ever spoke to me.

* * * * *

As the reader, possibly, may think he has been long enough detained among these sorrowful scenes, I shall draw them now to a close, and omit much of what I had set down for publication.

Mr. Beauchamp did not once rise from his bed during two months, the greater part of which time was passed in a state of stupor. At other periods he was delirious, and raved dreadfully about scenes with which the manuscript he committed to me in prison had made me long and painfully familiar. He loaded himself with the heaviest curses, for the misery he had occasioned to his mother and Ellen. He had taken it into his head that the latter was also dead, and that he had attended her funeral. He was not convinced to the contrary, till I judged it safe to allow him to open a letter she addressed to him, under cover to me. She told him she thought she was 'getting strong again;' and that if he would still accept her heart and hand, in the event of his recovery, they were his unchangeably. Nothing contributed so much to Beauchamp's recovery as this letter. With what fond transports did he receive the ring Ellen had intrusted to my keeping!

His old steward, Pritchard, after accompanying his venerated lady's remains into the country, returned immediately to town, and scarce ever after left his master's bedside. His officious affection rendered the office of the valet a comparative sinecure. Many were the piques and heart-burnings between these two zealous and emulous servants of an unfortunate master, on account of the one usurping the other's duty.

One of the earliest services that old Pritchard rendered his master, as soon as I warranted him in so doing, was to point out who had been the 'serpent in his path'—the origin—the deliberate, diabolical, designer of his ruin—in the person of his tutor! The shock of this discovery rendered Beauchamp speechless for the remainder of the day. Strange and wise are the ways of Providence! How does the reader imagine the disgraceful disclosures were brought about? Sir Edward Streighton, who had got into his hands the title-deeds of one of the estates, out of which he and his scoundrel companions had swindled Beauchamp, had been hardy enough—*quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*—to venture into a court of law, to prosecute his claim! In spite of threatened disclosures, he pressed on to trial; when such a series of flagrant iniquities was developed, unexpectedly to *all* parties, as compelled Sir Edward, who was in court *incognito*, to slip away, and without even venturing home, embark for the continent, and from thence to that common sewer of England—America.* His papers were all seized under a Judge's order, by Mr. Beauchamp's agents; and among them was found the letter addressed to him by Eccles, coolly commending his unsuspicious pupil to destruction!

Under Beauchamp's order, his steward made a copy of the letter, and enclosed it, with the following lines, to the traitor, who had since contrived to gain a vicarage:

'To the Reverend Peter Eccles, vicar of ——,

'Sir,—A letter, of which the following is a copy, has been discovered, in your hand-writing, among the papers of Sir Edward Streighton; and the same post which brings you this, encloses your own original letter to Sir Edward, with all necessary explanations, to the bishop of your diocese.

'The monstrous perfidy it discloses, will be forthwith made as public as public as the journals of the day can make it. 'THOMAS PRITCHARD,'

Agent to Mr. Beauchamp,'

What results attended the application to the bishop and whether or not the concluding threat was carried into effect, *I have reasons for concealing*. There are, who do not need information on those points.

The first time that I saw Mr. Beauchamp down stairs, after his long, painful, and dangerous illness, was in the evening of the July following. He was sitting in his easy chair, which was drawn, close to a bow-window, commanding an uninterrupted view of the setting sun. It was piteous to see how loosely his black clothes hung about him. If you touched any of his limbs, they felt like those of a skeleton clothed with the vestments of the living. His long thin fingers seemed attenuated and blanched to a more than feminine delicacy of size and hue. His face was shrunk and sallow, and his forehead bore the searings of a 'scorching woe.' His hair, naturally black as jet, was now of a sad iron-grey colour; and his eyes were sunk, but full of vivid, though melancholy expression. The air of noble frankness, spirit, and cheerfulness which had heretofore graced his countenance, was fled for ever. In short, to use the quaint expression of a sterling old English writer, care had scratched out the comeliness of his visage. He appeared to have lost all interest in life, even though Ellen was alive, and they were engaged to be married within a few months! In his right hand was a copy of 'Bacon's Essays;' and on the little finger of his left, I observed the rich ring given him by his cousin. As he sat, I thought him a fit subject for a painter! Old Pritchard, dressed also in plain mourning, sat at a table, busily engaged with account-books and piles of papers, and seemed to be consulting his master on the affairs of his estate, when I entered.

'I hope, Doctor, you'll excuse Mr. Pritchard continuing in the room with us. He's in the midst of important business,' he continued, seeing the old man preparing to leave the room; 'he is my *friend* now, as well as steward; and the oldest, I may say, *only*, friend I have left!' I entreated him not to mention the subject, and the faithful old steward bowed, and resumed his seat.

'Well,' said Mr. Beauchamp, after answering the usual enquiries respecting his health, 'I am not, after all, absolutely *ruined* in point of fortune. Pritchard has just been telling me that I have more than four hundred a year left'——

'Sir, sir, you may as well call it a good £500 a-year,' said Pritchard, eagerly taking off his spectacles. 'I am but £20 a-year short of the mark, and I'll *manage that*, by hook or by crook, and you—see if I don't!' Beauchamp smiled faintly. 'You see, Doctor, Pritchard is determined to put the best face upon matters.'

'Well, Mr. Beauchamp,' I replied, 'taking it even at the lower sum mentioned. I am sincerely rejoiced to find you so comfortably provided for.' While I was speaking, the tears rose in his eyes—trembled there for a few moments—and then, spite of all his attempts to prevent them, overflowed.

'What distresses you?' I enquired, taking his slender finger in mine. When he had a little recovered himself, he replied, with emotion, 'Am I not comparatively a beggar? Does it suit to bear that Henry Beauchamp is a *beggar!* I have nothing now but misery—hopeless misery! Where shall I go, what shall I do, to find peace? Wherever I go, I shall carry a broken heart, and a consciousness that I deserved it! ——I—I, the murderer of two'——

'*Two*, Mr. Beauchamp? What can you mean? The word of justice has solemnly acquitted you of murdering the miserable Apsley—and who the *other* is'——

'My mother! my poor, fond, doating mother! I have killed *her*, as certainly as I slew the guilty wretch that ruined me! My ingratitude pierced her *heart*, as my bullet his *head!* That it is which distracts—which maddens me! The rest I might have borne—even the anguish I have occasioned my sweet, forgiving Ellen, and the profligate destruction of the fortunes of my house!' I saw he was in one of the frequent fits of despondency to which he was latterly subject, and thought it best not to interrupt the strains of his bitter retrospections. I therefore listened to his self-accusations in silence.

'Surely you have ground for comfort and consolation in the unalterable, the increasing attachment of your cousin?' said I, after a melancholy pause.

'Ah my God! it is that which drives the nail deeper! I cannot, cannot, bear it! How shall I DARE to wed her? To bring her to an impoverished house—the house of *a ruined gamester*—when she has a right to rule in the the halls of my fathers? To hold out to her the arms of a MURDERER!' He ceased abruptly—trembled, clasped his hands together, and seemed lost in painful reverie.

'God has, after all, intermingled some sweets in the cup of sorrows you have drained: why cast *them* scornfully away, and dwell on the taste of the bitter?'

'Because my head is disordered; my appetites are corrupted. I cannot now *taste* happiness. I know it not; the relish is gone for ever!' * * *

'In what part of the country do you propose residing?' I enquired.

'I can never be received in English society again—and I will not remain here in a perpetual pillory—to be pointed at!—I shall quit England for ever'——

'You *sha'n't*, though!'—exclaimed the steward, bursting into tears, and rising from his chair, no longer able to control himself—'You sha'n't go'—he continued, walking hurriedly to and fro, snapping his gers. 'You sha'n't—no, you sha'n't, Master Beauchamp—though I say it that shouldn't!—You shall trample on my old bones, first'

'Come, come, kind old man!—Give me your hand!'—exclaimed Mr Beauchamp, affected by this lively shew of feeling, on the part of his old and tried servant.—'Come, I wont go, then—I won't!'

'Ah!—point at you—*point at you*, did you say, sir! I'll be —— if I won't do for any one that points at you, what you did for that rogue Aps ——"

'Hush, Pritchard!' said his master, rising from his chair and looking shudderingly at him.

The sun was fast withdrawing, and a portion of its huge blood-red disk was already dipped beneath the horizon. Is there a more touching or awful object in nature?—We who were gazing at it, felt that there was not. All before us was calmness and repose. Beauchamp's kindling eye assured me that his soul sympathized with the scene.

'Doctor—Doctor'—he exclaimed suddenly,—'What has come to me? Is there a devil mocking me? Or is it an angel whispering that I shall yet be happy? May I listen—*may* I listen to it?'—He paused. His excitement increased. 'O yes, yes! I feel intimately—I know I am reserved for happier days! God smileth on me, and my soul is once more warmed and enlightened!' An air of joy diffused itself over his features. I never before saw the gulf between despair and hope passed with such lightning speed! Was it returning delirium only?

'How can he enjoy happiness who has never tasted misery?' he continued, uninterrupted by me. 'And may not he most relish peace, who has been longest tossed in trouble! Why, why have I been desponding?—Sweet, precious Ellen! I will write to you! We shall soon meet; we shall even be happy together!—Pritchard,' he exclaimed, turning abruptly to the listening steward!—'What say you!—will you be my *major-domo*,—eh?—Will you be with us in the country once again?'

'Aye, Master Beauchamp,' replied Pritchard, crying like a child,—'as long as these old eyes, and hands, and head, can serve you, they are yours! I'll be any thing you'd like to make me.'

'There's a bargain, then, between you and me!—You see, Doctor, Ellen will not cast me off; and old Pritchard will cling to me: why should I throw away happiness?'

'Certainly—certainly! There is much happiness before you'—

'The thought is transporting, that I shall soon leave the scenes of guilt and dissipation for ever, and breathe the fresh and balmy atmosphere of virtue once again! How I long for the time! Mother, will you watch over your prodigal son?' How little he thought of the affecting recollections he had called forth in my mind, by mentioning—*the prodigal son!*

I left him about nine o'clock, recommending him to retire to rest, and not expose himself to the cool of the evening. I felt excited, myself, by the tone of our conversation, which, I suspected, however, had on his part, verged far into occasional flightiness. *I* had not such sanguine hopes for him, as he entertained for himself. I suspected that his constitution, however it might rally for a time, from its present prostration—had received a shock before which it *must* ere-while fall!

About five o'clock the next morning, I and all my family were alarmed by one of the most violent and continued ringings and thunderings at the door I ever heard. On looking out of my bedroom window, I saw Mr. Beauchamp's valet below, wringing his hands, and stamping about the steps like one distracted.

Full of fearful apprehension, I dressed myself in an instant, and came down stairs.

'In the name of God, what is the matter?' I enquired, seeing him pale as ashes.

'Oh, my master!—come—come'—he could get out no more. We both ran at a top speed to Mr. Beauchamp's lodgings. Even at that early hour, there was an agitated group before the door. I rushed up stairs, and soon learnt all. About a quarter of an hour before, the family were disturbed by hearing Mr. Beauchamp's Newfoundland dog, which always slept at his master's bed-room door, howling, whining, and scratching against it. The valet and some one else came to see what was the matter. They found the dog trembling violently, his eyes fixed on the floor; and on looking down, they saw blood flowing from under the door. The valet threw himself half frantic against the door, and burst it open; he rushed in, and saw all! Poor Beauchamp, with a razor grasped in his right hand, was lying on the floor lifeless!

I never now hear of a young man—especially of fortune—frequenting the GAMING TABLE, but I think with a sigh of Henry Beauchamp.

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* His companion in villainy, who in this narrative is called *Hillier*, brazened out the affair with unequalled effrontery, and continued in England, till within the last very few years; when, rank with roguery, he tumbled into the grave, and so cheated justice. The hoary villain might be seen nightly at —— street, with huge green glasses—*now* up to his knees in cards—and *then* endeavoring, with palsied hand, to shake the dice with which he had ruined so many!

CURIOSITIES OF THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

Let the reader imagine himself in the large hall of the Stock exchange, on the morning after the arrival of important news—the near prospect of a war, issuing of press-warrants, or unexpected mention of a loan by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No business being allowed to be done before 10 o'clock, until that time the members, assembled in unusual numbers, and for the most part deeply interested in the consequences of the news, saunter about, read newspapers, or chat in groups, waiting quietly the signal to begin. This is given by the senior doorkeeper, who, as the time approaches, mounts several steps from the floor and holds extended a large watchman's rattle, his eye fixed sidelong on the clock. At the appointed moment he springs the ill-omened instrument, and suddenly all quit their quiescent state, and rush simultaneously into one dense cluster—shouting, struggling, and vociferating with deafening clamour; some offering to sell; others bidding to bye; each party saying and doing whatsoever they think calculated to produce their own effect on the market, and in particular to establish the first or opening price, as may suit their respective purposes, this being an important point in tactics here. On such occasions when the news is very important, and its effects consequently rapid and considerable, ruin and riches are the results, respectively, to many present before the clock has struck the next hour. We have seen those who left their homes in the morning possessed of many thousands, leave the spot to return thither in the afternoon not worth a shilling. We have on these occasions seen a man stand, and even retort the banters and practical jokes of those around him, who in the course of the last hour had lost £10,000 sterling; while another, more sensitive, stands gazing with wildness and dismay at the struggle which is going on before him, and at the sight of his whole property being swept away by the course which the market is taking. This state of thing often continues, with short intervals of abatement, during the whole morning; few men, however, have bodily strength enough to continue long in the heat, noise, and pressure of this raging group. Some retire awhile, hoarse and pale, to recover their strength; but urged by the cries which proceed from the mass (for each party proclaims its triumphs, as the price rises or falls, with deafening shouts,) they rush again into the arena and resume the fray. Hitherto all has been keen, intense seriousness, heightened sometimes by disputes and personal feelings into wildness and fury when it frequently happens that the whole scene becomes changed in a moment, as if by magic or, the effect of a sudden phrenzy—every one knocks off his neighbbour's hat, turns the flaps of his coat over his head and shoulders, or pelts him with paper-bombs charged with saw-dust; they slap, bump and jostle each other; Bartholomew fair, or the most exhilirating moment of a breaking-up for the holidays, presents nothing equal to it for noise or extravagance; and the whole frolic generally ends with 'the Black Joke," or some other popular tune, sung in full chorus by all present; even those who have been ruined in the course of the morning mingling with wild mirth with the rest, partly from habit, and partly to conceal their distress from their companions, which would, if suspected, deprive them of a last desperate chance of retrieving their fortunes. All this may seem at first sight mere childish folly and extravagance; but it is perhaps an instinctive effort of nature to recover from the effects of the violent and overstrained action to which their spirits have been exposed. This interlude is, however, of short duration, and in a few minutes all is deep, concentrated, furious excitement again. On these occasions it sometimes happens, that one of those dense yellow fogs, which often darken and choke up the narrow parts of the city, throws a deep gloom over this struggling group; the aspect and confusion of the scene becomes then diabolical; lamplight is substituted, and hardly serves with its yellow glaring light to distinguish the anxious agitated countenances passing alternately from light to darkness, while much of the picture is hidden in what a painter would call—frightful masses of shade. This knot of men, so occupied, form what is called the "Stock-Market:" the price which is established by them is quoted in the newspapers, and affects the property of all holders of, or speculators in, the funds. Passing over, however, the large class of persons who are interested in these fluctuations in the character of stockholders, and confining ourselves to those who make them the medium merely of gambling, it may be estimated perhaps that five thousand persons are, on an average, interested in this way in the actions and effects of this cluster of men at the Stock Exchange, precisely in the same manner that the persons who surround a gaming-table are in the result of the game there. About one thousand of these are connected with the house, and are pretty generally therefore on equal terms with each other; and larger part are the public, who engage, through the medium of of their brokers, in this desperate and unequal game. It would obviously be wholly impossible to show in detail the effects of the place and business of which we have here given a true but bare outline, acting as it does so extensively, and on so large a number of persons.

It will readily be conceived, that the men who are devoted to so peculiar and engrossing a pursuit, are distinguishable from other classes of the community, and even from those with whom, nominally, as men of business, they are apparently intermingled; they

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PUN.—Two Americans meeting in Europe, a proposition was made by one to visit one of the splendid Cathedrals in the city where they then were. Whilst surveying the pictures, relics, &c. one of them remarked, that the kisses of the devotees had completely worn off the great toe of a saint, opposite them. 'Ah!' replied the other, 'if that is the case, he must be quite a *no-to-rious* saint.'—*Newburyport Herald.*

have, in fact, not the slightest pretensions to the character of men of business, and have no more direct connexion with trade than the members of the Jockey Club or of the betting-room at Newmarket. The phrase of good or bad times applies not at all to them, or in a sense directly opposite to its usual application; all they want is fluctuation in the prices of stock; and, consequently, times of storm and disaster are to them, as to birds of prey or Cornish wreckers, times of activity and harvest; they are, therefore, a separate and distinct class, and have, as might be expected, peculiarities of character, and manner, and appearance. Some persons indeed, who affect, like Sancho's kinsman, a fine palate in these matters, pretend that they can always distinguish a Stock Exchange man from others, by a kind of oil hand, reckless, slangish manner of doing things and a mixture of the City and Tattersall's in his dress and appearance. The sudden changes and appalling risks, to which their occupation subjects them, cannot also be favourable to health or tranquility. Thews and sinews, indeed, that seem proof against any exertion, are shattered to pieces by the constant anxiety and agitation of this pursuit; pale, anxious faces crowd the canvass, though, if a pun be allowable on so grave a subject, they can never be said to be without a 'speculation in their eye.' As it is well known that the Israelites play an active and conspicuous part on the Stock Exchange, it may be expected that mention will be made of them here. They are, as individuals, scarcely distinguishable from the rest; but, acting in their national spirit, they cling together pretty much to their schemes, and agree at least in trying to spoil the Egyptians; they are, also, perhaps more reckless and obstinate in encountering large and decisive hazards than the Gentiles. Some of them have acquired immense wealth; but it is often attended with remarkably little improvement in manner or appearance. We have seen a Jew worth a quarter of a million, who still retained the look and manner of his brethren, who obligingly present baskets of oranges to the public at the Bank with the astounding offer of ten for sixpence! Singing in the Stock Exchange has been mentioned, but only as affording occasional recreation: it serves, however, much more important purposes; all slight violations of the rules of the house, or indeed any conduct in a member that gives displeasure to the rest, exposes him to a regular sort of musical pillory—the culprit is surrounded by a compact and imperious circle of choristers, and forced to stand in that awkward and insulated situation, while 'God save the King,' or some other popular song, is being sung: he then takes off his hat, makes a bow all round, and is released. Often, however, when he thinks he is about to escape, either because his offence has been grievous, or else that the singers are in unusually good voice, an *encore* is called for, and in no case, that we know of, evaded on the plea of hoarseness or indisposition. In some instances, however, singing has been made the instrument of more condign punishment. On one occasion a member, whose conduct was supposed to have compromised the character of the house with the public, was surrounded and sung to in the above mentioned manner whenever he made his appearance in the house. Being a man of strong nerves and animal spirits, he bore it pretty well for some time, hoping that he should soon be allowed to transact his business quietly and comfortably again as usual; but these singing areopagites not thinking him an object for mercy, continued to encircle him whenever he entered the house, and however urgent his business, insisted on first treating him with the old tune, till at last his spirits, and even his health began to fail, and he was finally obliged to sacrifice a lucrative connexion and retire from the house being, although a loyal man, unable to bear 'God save the King' any longer.—*Metropol.*

THE YOUNG MINISTER AND THE BRIDE.

BY A SEXAGENARIAN.

Few will deny the justice of the remark, that 'truth is often stranger than fiction;" no one of much observation and experience, at least, will feel inclined to question the correctness of its application to the scenes and vicissitudes of life. There are, indeed, realities of no very unfrequent occurrence, which, in point of marvellous adventure, heart-thrilling incident and surprise, may be said to exceed anything that mere invention, or the most studied combination of ideal circumstances, can ever hope to effect. Had we only ampler opportunities of investigating those short and simple annals to which our great lyric poet so philosophically alludes,—could we boast but the rudest chroniclers of those sudden revolutions and sweeping gusts of fortune connected with the fate of individuals and the people, as we do of courts and empires, what inexhaustable sources of popular interest and instruction should we there find! The most attractive novels would almost cease to charm, till we first exhausted the more wonderful histories;—the domestic events and tragic adventures of living beings, even in the humbest sphere.

I was led into this train of reflection by recalling some singular occurrences of which a friend of mine and myself were causual witnesses more than forty years ago; for I now feel these reminiscences of earlier days recurring with more and more force, as I gradually descend deeper into the vale of Time. My friend B—— had just completed a severe course of legal studies; which, together with carrying high honours at one of our Universities, was found a little too much for his strength. To counteract the effects of his intense and unremitting exertions, he invited me to take a summer ramble with him among his native hills. He proposed to visit both the English and Scottish lakes, near the former of which was situated his father's residence; to proceed next to the High lands; and, last of all, to pursue, 'tour' in hand, the track of our great English Leviathan—that most majestic and magisterial of all travellers, in his *Bozzoni an* ramble among the Hebrides.

After remaining during a few weeks, at the country seat of my friend's father, we repaired to explore the extended and lofty range of hills that brings us, as it were, into the heart of the English lake scenery. On the second evening of our departure, we stopped at the little hamlet of D——, consisting only of a few shepherd's huts in order to enjoy the glories of sunrise on Skiddaw after a night's repose. Here, under the roof-tree of an old herdsman, who had been promoted to the rank of a guide—a little publican, and as far as excess in liquor was concerned, not a little of a sinner—we were brought acquainted, during our evening chat, with some of the current reports of the village, relating to the affairs of our more important neighbours.

Near this little hamlet, it seems, at the foot of the hill stretching westward, lay the ample domains of the wealthy Lord L——; forming part of one of those fertile and cultivated districts, which betoken the near abundance of the rich loamy soil of the nothern frontiers. Its present possessor had returned within the last year from the Continent, to reside at the seat of his forefathers, and find employment for the well-lined coffers of his immediate predecessor. The new lord, we were informed, was now on the eve of forming an union with one of the fairest gels in the county,—the daughter of his father's old friend, the late member for K——, a gentleman who, by his imprudence, had left, at his death, a large family involved in considerable difficulties and embarassment. The late Lord L——, however, had not only materially assisted them, but had even consented that the family union, long before projected between his friend's daughter and his own son, should still take place. This, too, was an object in which the mother of Margaret Dillon—already betrothed to the scion of L—— House before his departure for foreign lands—was more particularly interested, having several younger children almost wholly unprovided for. Circumstances, therefore, seemed to render it imperative on the eldest to fulfil her mother's wishes: and only by some strange perversity of fate was such an alliance likely to prove an unhappy one.

The lovely Margaret was in her seventeenth year, while her intended was nearly as many summers older, and had the charms of that prepossessing character and exterior, and of that lofty reputation and rare report, calculated to win "golden opinions" from all manner of women. The marriage, however, was to have taken place on his return, without much consideration of reciprocal feeling, and had been delayed only in consequence of the sudden demise of his lordship's father. His return, we are told, had been marked by no expression of joy on the part of his tenantry and retainers; nor, what was more to be regretted, on the part of the intended bride herself, who was, on the other hand, said to be a favourite with all classes of her acquaintance.

If the new lord, however, had failed to make himself liked, this did not seem to be the case with a young clergyman in the vicinity, of the name of Maurice Dunn, whose noble look, and high, yet gentle bearing, we had already noticed on our approach, as he respectfully saluted us; and whom we did not fail to recognise by the description and encomiums of the ancient herdsman. He was the eldest, we learned, of a large family; and, being a youth of talents, was, after receiving an excellent education, at no small sacrifices on the part of his father, appointed to a curacy near his native place. He was looked up to as the future staff of his family; for old Maurice Dunn was only one of those small landholders belonging to the better class of yeomanry, a class, unfortunately, now nearly extinct in England. In addition to his own little property, he had the chief part of his farm under Lord L——, by means of which, with laudable industry, he was enabled to support a numerous family, and bring up one of his sons to a profession—then always he worthy ambition of men of his class,—to say nothing of making himself comfortable during his latter days. Besides his own spiritual charge, his son, we are informed, was accustomed to assist the aged minister of another cure, take upon himself, out of special good will, at least half the duty and the more distant visitations of the poor and sick; insomuch that it was hoped, by many honest parishioners, he would one day come to succeed old Mr. Penruddock in his rectory, as well as in his labours.

Among his most constant hearers were Mrs. Dillon and her daughter: and in the character both of a pastor and a tutor, Maurice Dunn was admitted like a friend, more than a visitor, at the lady's house. Here his fine taste and natural skill in music, drawing, and almost every accomplishment, recommended him to his pupils far more than his knowledge of the severer branches of learning. But no one, in the circle he knew, boasted the same irresistible interest and attractions in his eyes as the beautiful, the graceful, and the gentle-souled, intelligent Margaret.

Was it possible, then, that, by any dark conspiracy of the fates, it had become the bounden duty of Maurice Dunn to unite the fair hand of the being he most adored on earth to another; to pronounce the nuptial benediction upon her as a bride, and to consign all his cherished love to unavailing bitterness and tears? From the rude, unvarnished account of our ancient chronicler, so dreadful a sacrifice appeared about to be made; and in that mode, and under those evil auspices, which leave not a moral possibility of escape.

Finding this melancholy wedding was to take place next day and that the church lay in our route, we agreed, before retiring to rest, to accompany our worthy host to witness the ceremony.

The next morning found us on our way to the church of L——, 'some twa long miles,' as we were assured, by our conductor, but which turned out, according to our more southern calculation, to be at least four. Upon our arrival, we found that the bridal procession was already there, and had passed into the interior of the holy edifice.

We took our station as near as the throng permitted us to the altar. The minister already stood before it; the bride and bridegroom at a little distance; and we could easily distinguish their countenances, and observe all that passed. The rest of the party comprized Lord L——'s friends, the bride's, and those of the young minister; among the last of whom was seen his venerable father, whose eye frequently turned with an expression of pride and pleasure upon his son. That son, indeed, seemed one to deserve the admiration with which he was so generally regarded:—his noble figure, handsome features, and dignified air and deportment contrasted strongly with the mean and insignificant appearance, spite of his gilded trappings, that marked the bridegroom. But what most riveted my attention, was the singularly resolute and concentrated expression in the features of the minister, as if they had been well schooled to some desperate task. Firm in spirit, and calm in mood, he looked like one whose thoughts were above, or absent from, all considerations of the scene by which he was surrounded; as if the world,—its weal or woe, with all its vicissitudes, marriages and deaths, were alike indifferent events to him. Yet a close observer might detect traces of something forced and strange, that excited a painful sensation in the beholder, and seemed to betoken little of a peaceful mind. And now my fancy began to fill up the rude and simple sketch of him, drawn by our aged guide; after what I had heard, there was a meaning in all I saw. Sudden gleams of thought seemed to 'come and go, like shadows' flitting across his brain, and darkening on his features, even against his resolute will. An unearthly paleness sat upon his brow, strongly contrasted with the hectic glow which flushed his cheek. There was a slight convulsive motion of the eyebrows and the edge of the lips, which neither the bent brow, nor the fixed expression of the mouth, could quite repress. The same nervous affection, I was near enough to observe, was in his hands:—they trembled, though his general demeanour was firm and collected. What most struck me were a restlessness and eagerness of purpose, mixwith a feeling of intense pain, which were plainly reflected in the face of our honest guide, and presented a perfect picture of rustic perturbation, curiosity, and awe.

I now also observed his father's eye more than once directed towards Maurice Dunn with an uneasy look, as if for the first time he had detected something that gave him pain. He then looked towards the bride and bridegroom with the same uneasy glance, as if to inquire the meaning of what he saw. Other eyes, too, were directed towards the minister; but he seemed too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to heed what was passing around him. If his eye met another's, it was with fixed coldness and almost haughtiness of air. Yet that pride appeared forced, as if there were something he wished to conceal from the scorn or pity of the world. To me, the expression of his face, though composed, was one of suffering, deep-seated and intense;—so well subdued, as scarcely to be detected without previous knowledge of the cause. It might be the effect of mere physical pain or sickness—not of the heart; and there seemed too much pride in his stern eye to betray its existence, were it there. Altogether, his bearing was decidedly not that of a holy minister prepared to pronounce a nuptial blessing upon the happy, the beautiful and young; for what had that expression of pride and reckless indifference to do with an occasion like this? On the contrary, he seemed to glory in despising all those human sympathies and attachments which he was there called upon to hallow and unite.

As thus stern he stood and looked, how fared it with that lovely and gentle bride, who had come to claim his nuptial benediction upon herself and her ill-assorted lord? Had she indeed selected such a lover in some hour of wounded pride or scorn, when her heart had been crushed or wrung with anguish? or was the marriage yet more fearfully her evil lot? Was it with such a being she had wandered during the summer seasons of her love, amidst the forest bowers, and heaths, and hills of her native spot? Was it with him she had visited the sorrowing and the sick, and gladdened the hearts of the orphan and the widow and made the homes and hearts of the poor and comfortless sing for joy? Ah, no! HE was not her companion;—it was with Maurice Dunn, that minister of wretchedness who was about to wed her to another, that she had talked in sweet communion of spirit, during these sacred and too well remembered walks.—But they were driven to fulfil their evil destiny: there was no retreat,—no escape for Maurice Dunn. He had vowed it, and to redeem his pledge he now stood a sacrifice at the altar of his God. He knew his love was hopeless, and she, too, knew it; yet, had he spoken the word, she would have flown with him even to the uttermost ends of the earth. Alas! this one hope she had garnered up in her heart as a last resource; but he had urged it not; and she there stood before him,—all her woman's pride and desperation, added to the tortures of her love, summoned to bear her through the dreaded task. A strange unnatural lustre shone in her eye; it could be seen through the folds of her veil; and one instinctively turned away from it with something of the same wild or perturbed feeling,—a feeling that seemed to spread its contagious sympathy to all around. Her face was exquisitely beautiful, but almost as white as the dress she wore; and she looked most lovely, in spite of the deep-seated sadness it betrayed. Her figure was strikingly graceful; her head was slightly drooping, but there was an air of dignity in her whole deportment, as if emulating that of him who stood before her in the fixed and concentrated passion of his doom.

It appeared to me as if there prevailed through the whole party a certain consciousness of something wrong—of some struggle or impending evil to be encountered; but this I attributed to mere fancy, until subsequently it was remarked to have been felt by others as well as by myself.

While engaged in reading the marriage service, which he pronounced in a bold clear tone, the young minister had his eyes somewhat sternly fixed on the two beings whom he addressed; his calm brow, his lofty figure, and deep-toned voice giving double solemnity to his words. At length he took the bride's hand, as if to place it in that of her intended lord; and it was then for the first time, that one thrill of feeling seemed to shake his whole frame. He almost started back, as if he had trodden on a serpent; for he had felt that hand more deathly cold and trembling than his own. Each seemed to recognize the death-damp touch, and, shuddering to shrink from it. To me it was evident that she sought to release her hand at the moment when it was placed in that of the bridegroom: but the minister, recovering himself almost instantaneously, hurried over the remaining service, and still more rapidly uttered the nuptial blessing.

The fatal words were pronounced; and, as he closed the book, he raised his eyes to the bride's face as if to take one farewell look. Their eyes met: she felt and returned that look; but with a wild expression of woman's agony and reproach, which years have not since obliterated from my memory, nor from that, I think, of any one who witnessed it. It would appear as if till then she had believed it impossible, that he whom she loved would meet her there to execute so fearful and soul-rending a sentence on all her love. It appeared to have chilled the very life-blood in her veins; for, regardless of all else around her, she stood rooted to the spot, as if entranced in woe. She still kept her eye fixed on the minister, who had shrunk in apparent terror from that one heart-rending look; but, as if in answer to it, his own was now directed towards his father, surrounded by his numerous family. She understood him; it was the sole reply he could give: and stretching out her hand to him, as if to beg his forgiveness for upbraiding him, she let her head fall upon his breast, and wept.

Thus was divulged the precious secret of their love—all that had before passed; thus were revealed their cruel sufferings, their vain prayers and tears, sternly enforced duty, and sad submission to their fate. This painful scene was accompanied by mingled murmurs and imprecations, or by sobs and tears, from every spectator: but a more trying crisis was at hand. With that one distracted look, and the tears of her he had just wedded to another wet upon his bosom, were crowded the sufferings of the young martyr to duty and to love. After fixing his eye upon his father, and supporting the sobbing bride for a moment in his arms, he saw and felt no more. His heart was broken: agony had burst its walls. The blood rushed up in torrents through his mouth and ears, and he fell dead at the foot of the altar.

One piercing shriek was heard; it arose above every other voice, as the young distracted bride threw herself in passionate agony on her lover's body; and the house of God resounded only with the voice of grief. Long insensibility came mercifully to her relief, and in that state the unhappy lady was borne from the church, her white bridal robes stained with the blood of him to whom she would have been happy to have been united even in death. Nor was it very long before the prayer which ever after rose to her lips was granted to her sufferings.

Accompanied by my friend, I instantly left the place, and, in the deep sequestered solitudes of the woods and mountains, we for a time sought to forget the painful impression the event had produced.

It was about two years after our return, that we requested one of our friends, then on a visit near the village of L——, to inquire into the fate of the unhappy bride. He visited the churchyard, and near the humbler stone that marked the grave of Maurice Dunn, rose the family vault of the Lords of L——. The last name that had been there inscribed was that of Margaret, Countess of L——, who died in the 21st year of her age. It was only the second of her ill-starred marriage.—*T. Roscoe.*

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—The Glasgow Courier describes it thus:—"A sober industrious Paddy in the Calton has lately invented a musical box, for which he deserves a patent. Wishing to enjoy a little music on an evening after work, he got a box, of the general appearance, but deeper and broader than an ordinary piano, and bored a row of holes from one end to the other. Into this box six or seven swine are placed,

but there may be more,) of different ages, from the sucking pig to the gruff boar, exulting in swinehood. In this way a scale of *voices* is obtained. The tails of each inmate are then drawn through the holes in the box, and the lid closed, so that half a dozen tails hang outside. Whenever Paddy wishes to play, he twitches each tail rapidly and successively, and the music begins, and lasts as long as he likes. When tired, he just liberates the *musicians* till the next time. The airs are all Irish, and when the twitching is smartly and skilfully done, the music is not a whit behind the mixture of hands at the late Physical Demonstration. The instrument is called a Hogmanguffy.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GRAHAM.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 17, 1837.

OPINIONS ON NULLIFICATION.

We were going to burn our fingers with palpice [illegible] to express any opinion of our own on the very popular theme of nullification. But it happened to us, in one of our late rambles to Hoyt the Universal Emporium, to overhear a very curious conversation on that particular subject—which, as it contained ideas both novel and various, we will take the liberty to relate for the benefit of our readers. The scene was a coffee-house of ordinary resort; and the speakers were a Cockney retailer of dry goods, an Irish grocer, a Dutch farmer, and an American Justice of Peace. Each one had before him his favorite liquor, to wit; the Englishman, his pot of beer; the Irishman, his whiskey punch; the Dutchman, his blackstrap; and the Justice of Peace his rum-toddy.

The Irishman, lifting his eyes from a newspaper on which he had been industriously poring, broke out with—"The divil burn this hard word! It sticks in my throat for all the world like a great crooked parnip. I can make nayther head nor tail to it—nor swallow it up nor down—nor git it any which way at all at all—bad luck to it!"

"Wat ishde wort?" asked the Dutchman.

"That's what I'd like to be afther knowing myself."

"Well, yust shpell it to me, can't ye, and I'll bronounce you wat it ish."

"Thank ye, sir,—Mine-hair I mane—I know the pronounciation of it as well as your ounself, or any other man in the seven kingdoms—I dont care who the tother is. *Nillicumfection* is the word: but the difinitun is what I can't git round jist."

"The definition!" exclaimed the Cockney—"wy, you fool, Pat—nullification is a harticle of Southern manufacture, got up in hopposition to the cotton-mill of New-Hengland in the State New-Ampshire. I hunderstand—or rather it is my himpression—that they clothe their niggers with it."

"There you're out, Misther, axin your pardon—"

"Hout!" interrupted the Cockney fiercely—"wat I been to South-Carolina in the state of South-Hamerica, and dont I know hall about it?"

"Axin your pardon once more; Misther, I'd take the lave to inquire what kind of clothes may be the naggers wear, when they run naked as they're born into the world, as I'm credibly informed they do all along at the South?"

"Naked!" said the Justice of Peace—"I wonder what kind of civil authority Gov have in them are parts, to allow of such indecent practices. They'd soon get a warrant against them for such malversations, if they had me to deal with. It's a disgrace to the immunity."

"Wy, for dat matter," said the Dutchman, "de blacks ish notting more as a kind o' cattles mit two lecks instead of four; and it ish monies trown away to put clothes on deir packs. But dat ish py no means wat ish untershtoot py *Nulligation*. I be's acquaint mit dat shmall kreat man, Mishter Van Puren, de member of Congress wat has kone ofer de water for a minishter to breach to Georgede tird—and shure I oughts to know wat nulligation means. It ish notting at all like de neegur clothing, any more as a Dutch cheese is like an Irish bodado."

"Hindeed!" said the Cockney—"then I'd hax what it is—landlord, fetch me another pot of beer—I'm hopen to conviction."

"Well den I will dell you mine obinion. Nulligation ish like a kreat wetch or cleaver, wat shplits tings to pieces, yust as we shplits de locks in de woots; and it will shplit de country py and py in a tousand pieces. Dat ish wat I untershtants py nulligation."

"That is something near the mark," said the Justice of Peace, gravely stroking his chin—"but not exactly the thing. If I understand it right—and, ahem! I think I do, or ought to at least—*Nullifaction* is a kind of statue or law, passed at the last Congress of the Southern States, for the expres purpose of abrogating or proroguing the people of the North. But it's my opinion they might as well blow their breath against a harrykin as to undertake any such business. Porogue these states, with more than ten hundred thousand people in 'em'—landlord, I'll take another glass of toddy, with a toasted cracker in it—porogue these states! Why New-York alone would blow their whole nation to pieces in the whistling of a puck-pudding."

"Plow deir nation!" exclaimed the Dutchman, mine Gott! I tunks dey would in de shnapping of a wip. Wy, Misther Yustice, I declare, as sure as I be's a Dutchman, I can lick tree Soudern mens yust as easy as I can take down dis plackstrap," raising the glass to his mouth—"eglt! dere ish not a drophere—you lantlort, fill mine klass tam suple. I be's dry as a kraven immitch."

"If so be," said the Irishman, "you're after a little bit of fighting, or the likes of that, I'm the boy for ye. Didn't I whip Phelim O'Brian last night, and knock down three other black-guards!"

"You did!" started up the Justice—"I must take you into custody for a breach of the peace.

"Is it me that broke the piece?"

"Didn't you say so just now?"

"'Twas I that axed the question my ounself."

"Oh, that alters the case."

"Don't it now? I'm not the lad to be afther confessin to a priest of the law. That would'nt be christian dalin; and if I'd bate a hundred men, I'd niver spake of it at all before the likes of you. But consarnin this same nillicumfection, this paper informs me it prevails vary much at the South—and I'm consatin it's a bit of a disase, vary much like the Ingen collery morbus, that's cattin down the Bushins on the tother side of the wather."

"Really, gentleman," said the Cockney, "I'm surprised at your hignorance. I thought hevery body knew that nullification was a Southern manufacture wat they clothe their niggers on. What say you, landlord, han't I right?"

The landlord, thus appealed to, declared, that for his part he had never examined into the subject particularly; but he believed it was a kind of a sort of a cold-water society, got up for the disgraceful purpose of driving rum, brandy, gin, and all other good liquors into non-existence: and, that being the case, he considered it the bounden duty of every good citizen to resist at the very bunghole.

This sentiment was applauded to the skies by the whole company; and each one insisted, that, though all other liquors should be nullified, his own favorite beverage, at least, should be exempted from the general fate. And finally, nullification, whatever it might be, was unanimously voted to be a great bore, and not to be tolerated in a free country.

FOILING A WITCH.

The story of Roxobel purports to be the journal of a strange gentleman residing in the parish of that name. He is represented as a very diminitive personage; and called, on account of his humble stature, "The little man of Roxobel." But though of small outward dimensions, he was not deficient in the inner man. In short, he was, as Virgil describes his bees, endowed with a great soul in a little body. He was always doing good; but he would have his own way of doing it. He was something of a humorist, as the extract we are about to give will show.

Among other characters of Roxobel, was Doctor Beauchamp, the kind, good-natured and excellent pastor, who with Mr. Airley, the little man, was ever attentive to the welfare of his people. In the neighbourhood dwelt a gang of Gipsies, and the following extract concludes an attempt of one of them at telling the fortune of the little great man of the village:—

"Come, come," I replied, "you can make nothing of *me*; you know nothing whatever about me, but what every one else may know in Roxobel. But tell me this: have you ever heard of the little wizard, the dwarf, or cunning man, who came in the tail of the east wind across the sea?"

"She started and looked amazed.

"'Well, such a man am I; and therefore you cannot find me out: I am beyond your art.'"

"'Bless you sir,' said the Gipsy; 'there be no such things as wizzards in the world—not in these days, any how.'"

"'What!' I said, looking her hard in the face, 'how dare you say so? No wizards? no male fortune-tellers and conjurers? Why, I tell you that there are just as many, number for number, measure for measure, head for head, tongue for tongue, as there are female fortune-tellers and prognosticators in the wide world. Show me a woman who can read the stars, and I will show you a man who can do it better. Show me a woman who knows the waxings and the wanings of the moon, and I will bring you a man who knows its phases, and can tell all its spots.—Show me a woman who can read the tokens of the pole-star, and I will bring you a man to whom the barkings of the dog-star are as audible as the death-watch in the chamber of the dying. In a word I am ready to challenge you, to dare you, and to brave you to the utmost. Collect your female fortune-tellers, your witches, your prognostitors, your women cunning in palmistry, your studies of the stars, whether crowned with bonnet, cap, veil, or hood, and I will undertake to match them with as many wizards, bearded or smooth-chinned, shaven or unclipped, as it may chance, and each carrying a wand or staff'—(and I shook my little stick as I spoke)—'and each prepared to assert the honor of his order, against all who presume to doubt their skill. Name your place and time: by day-light, dawn, or moonlight; in shade, or sunshine; in forest, heath, or bog; above or underground; and we will have a dance and minstrelsy; and we will feast.' And I shook my stick again, with a vehemence which made the woman start back a pace or two.

"'Ha, ha, ha!' exclaimed the doctor, laughing till he awakened the echo of the woods, while the poor woman was visibly embarrassed, and even alarmed.

"I however preserved my gravity, called the doctor to order, and again maintained that I was assuredly able to produce as many veritable wizards as she could real witches and true prognosticators of the other sex."

"'But surely, sir,' she said, 'you cannot really tell fortunes?'

"'And why not?' I answered. 'Why should not I be as clever you are?'

"'O, to be sure—yes, to be sure,' she answered.

'And would your worship please only to prove to me that you can tell fortunes, only as it were for an example?'

"'With all my heart,' I said. 'Stand back a step or two, and look me full in the face. Why shall I tell you? How much gold you have in your purse? what heirscot was last pillaged by your gang?'

The gipsy looked at the doctor in evident alarm; and then trying to seem unconcerned, "reckon these things are beyond your knowledge, good sir, she said."

"'Well, well,' I answered, 'I will be merciful, and not betray you.'

"The woman then took courage, and laughing, said, 'Thank you, sir, for your kindness; but those who do not know our secrets, may be trusted not to tell them.'

"'What!' I said, looking keenly at her,—think you that the mysteries of your trade are hidden from me? Shall I speak?' I added; 'shall I tell what I see? Who has robbed the dripping pan? who has cut the candle-end? who has purloined the suet from the nightly baron? who has carried it to the hiding place? Is not the vessel full? is it not running over with fat and grease and oil? For whom is it destined and for what service is the rich reward prepared, but for her—for her who can read the lines of him whose history is inexplicable? and of him of whom nothing is known?'

"I was about to add more, when the gipsy, suddenly turning from me, plunged into the bushes, and disappeared from our view.

"'Well done, well done, thou man of riddles! thou wizard! thou necromancer!' exclaimed the doctor: thou hast foiled the witch with her own weapons. But take care how thou walkest in the dark: she will set loose all her imps and hobgoblins upon thee; thou wilt be pinched till thou art black and blue.'

"'No, no, sir,' I replied; 'she will let me alone. I dont fear her; she will not meddle no more with me.'"

PRINCE MIDNIGHT.

At a late lecture delivered by Mr. H. E. Dwight, at Clinton Hall, on the political condition of Europe, he had occasion to touch on the character of Metternich, the Prime Minister of Austria. And he did this with no gentle hand. He drew a sketch of him, which was enough to make every honest man and every friend of light and liberty shudder. He depicted him as a man devoid of every principle of rectitude; and the most inimitable liar in the world—but telling his lies with such a grace, and so making the worse appear the better reason, as to overreach every body with whom he came in contact. He called him the Monarch of Europe; and declared that he exercised greater power than Napoleon had ever done in the height of his glory. He said he had spies in every court on the continent—embracing men in every station, from the nobleman to the humble waiter—from the highest to the lowest; that his system of espionage entered into the seminaries of learning, making the professors spies upon the students, and the students upon the professors—and every body spies upon one another. He said that he had been untiring in his endeavors to extinguish intellectual light and every glimmering of liberty among the people; and that, hence, he was sometimes called, among the Germans, Prince *Mitternacht*—signifying in English, Midnight—an appropriate name for one who was endeavoring to involve the world in complete darkness. He described him as the projector, the heart and the soul of the Holy Alliance. He declared that his influence was greater than had been that of all the Jesuits put together in the time of their greatest power. With all this influence, however, he represented him as not only destitute of all public truth and honesty, but as a man of the most notoriously bad private character—the great secret of his influence being the paying every man his price, who was willing to act as underviliain or petty tyrant to the great head and chief.

We have not attempted to give the language of the lecturer; but merely to embody some of his ideas respecting the "wily Metternich," as he is frequently called. The whole lecture was replete with knowledge, and showed that the late traveller in Germany was master of his subject. His manner, as a speaker, is of the most quiet and unostentatious kind; he did not make a single gesture during the whole performance; and his only movements were those occasioned by a troublesome cough, reaching his hand now and then to a tumbler of water, and occasionally pointing with a long stick, by way of illustration, to a map of Europe which hung in sight of the audience. But his enunciation was clear, and his ideas luminous and well arranged. As Dr. Johnson said of Dean Swift, "He understood himself, and his audience understood him"—which cannot be said of every public speaker.

We cannot close this paragraph, without mentioning one other subject. Speaking of Great Britain, the lecturer said that she generally got overreached in negociation with the continental powers; and though first in the fight, she was ever last to share in the spoil—having, during the wars which grew out of the French Revolution, expended *six thousand millions* of dollars, and only got in the end the Ionian Islands, which might have been purchased for half a million sterling.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES—WOODEN NUTMEGS, ETC.

Certain of the Connecticut papers are out upon us for having asserted that buckwheat cakes are not a common dish in New-England; and the editor of the "Middletown Gazette Sys," peculiarly—"Such an assertion betrays an inexcusable degree of ignorance of *our* mode of living." He further says that buckwheat cakes "are made by half the good housewives in Connecticut;" and that we intimated they were to be "obtained in perfection only in New-Jersey and Pennsylvania."

We beg your pardon, sir—we intimated no such thing. Our observations had no reference whatever to the character of such specimens as might, for a rarity, be produced in New-England. The assertion that "half the *good* housewives in Connecticut" make buckwheat cakes, is very indefinite; because we are not informed what proportion the good bear to those of an opposite character. As to the charge of "inexcusable ignorance," we might retort it—if it were polite. But we will content ourselves with making the following proposition, namely: That if the editor of the Gazette will carefully take the *culinary census* of the six New-England States; and having done so, will declare upon his *affidavy*, that one family in twenty, of the whole population, are in the habit of eating buckwheat cakes—then we will acknowledge that a thirty years' residence in different parts of New-England has left us most inexcusably ignorant—but if otherwise, then he shall consent that the charge of ignorance recoil upon himself.

The editor of the Hartford Review has taken up the cudgel, as second to the man of Middletown; and says—"Strong in the consciousness of superiority, we will ourself defy the Gothamite Editor to the teeth; and, if he accept our challenge, we will compel him to make a breakfast of his own words." Is that all? We are glad that thou art not so unconscionable as to insist upon our breakfasting on thine: *windy* diet is said to be injurious.

The editor of the Review becomes nearly poetical on the subject—*ecce signum*: "While the griddle at Morgan's City Hotel has a being, (which we trust will be forever,) we will lift up our voice in this cause, and spare not. If this presumption be permitted, what can we expect to hear next, but that the Jerseymen make better cucumber seeds than we, and that the Pennsylvanians surpass us in the manufacture of nutmegs? And shall we suffer our well-earned reputation to be thus torn from us? Never, while buckwheat blossoms in our fields, or bass-wood flourishes in our forests."

Set thy heart at rest, friend, about the wooden manufactures thou speakest of: for, rely upon it, no other State will compete with Connecticut in the production of artificial nutmegs and pumpkin seeds.

Thy "lines," friend editor, seem to "have fallen

in a pleasant place." for Morgan's "City Hotel" is doubtless a kind of oasis in the desert—a luxuriant spot productive in buckwheat cakes, while all around is barren. Possibly thou mayst have some other good things at Morgan's City Hotel, which are not generally enjoyed by the people of New-England. Regaling thyself with thine own breakfast, it is easy for thee to imagine that all the hasty-puddings, pumpkin pies, brown bread, and cod-fish are metamorposed into buckwheat cakes. But thou shouldst recollect, there are divers persons between Passaraquoddy Bay and Long-Island Sound, who are not so fortunate as to have a "City Hotel" to their residence, nor a "Morgan" to their landlord.

Desertions. It appears from the Secretary of War's Report, that nearly *one fourth* of the United State's Standing Army deserted during the last year. The cruel punishment of death has been for some time and very justly, abolished. But the penalty now inflicted does not seem to answer the intented purpose; and some more efficient mode is requisite to keep the soldiers to their duty. One addressed to their interest, rather than their fears, will, perhaps, be most likely to succeed; and the Secretary of War has recommended, that their wages be increased, and that the bounty and some part of their pay be retained until the close of their period of enlistment.

Keeping the Minutes. A barber's boy, in Fulton-street, who wears a watch, as grand as Cuffy, was asked by some person the other day—"What's the hour?"

"I don't keep the *hour*," he replied, "ingenuously. "I keep the *minutes*."

THEATRICALS.

The season has arrived when theatricals are apt to be dull. The winter is provided with various other modes of pastime. Lectures on different subjects are given almost every night, in some quarter of the city; and dancing and other amusements employ a great part of those who at other seasons attend the theatre. Add to this the effects of the cold weather: for it is no agreeable matter to sit three or four hours in a freezing condition, as is too apt to be the case, especially when the audience is thin, and the play-goers cannot keep one another warm by the density of the crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilson played at the Park on Tuesday evening to nearly empty boxes. The pit was somewhat better filled, and deserve credit for their taste. Mrs. Hilson, one of the greatest favorites the Park ever had, has been absent for a year and a half, owing chiefly to ill-health; and Mr. Hilson, another old favorite, had not appeared on the boards during the season. But operas seem to have ruined the chance for the regular drama: and wandering stars stand in the light of the excellent old stock actors. Mr. and Mrs. Hilson, however, were welcomed back, with plaudits long and loud, by such audience as happened to be there. Massanello has had a run of several nights, and is likely to be popular. The choruses are very much admired; and in general the piece itself is liked; but objections are made to the present cast in two instances—those of Mr. Thorne and Mrs. Sharpe, whose places should be supplied with Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Austin.

The Richmond Hill Theatre, which the distance of a couple of miles prevents our attending so often as we could wish, we understand is fully answering, if not exceeding, the expectations of the stockholders, who are said to have made a very comfortable dividend, of from fifty to seventy-five per cent during the first three weeks. Mr. Russell, who is a good actor, gives great satisfaction as manager. He has taken pains to secure the services of some of the best performers in the country, a succession of whom the public have had before them in the persons of Mrs. Duff, Miss Rock, and Messrs. Cooper, Fian, Kilner, etc. The two last named gentlemen have been playing to admiring houses for the week past.

COLLECTANEA.

The following amusing and instructive items were sent us by a correspondent, who seems in the course of his reading to have selected a great many things full of pithiness and wit. Our readers will doubtless find them, in most instances novel, and amusing in all. [Ed.

Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many great services, they each for recompense demanded his natural daughter, Helena Scharsequin, in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and after much delay, he told them, that from the claim they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they might decide it by their own power and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival in it, should obtain his daughter. This strange combat, between two gentlemen, was in the presence of the whole court, and lasted near an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Audri Eberhard, Baron of Talbert, when he had him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the emperor's feet, and on the following day he married the beautiful Helena.

Marriage of Dwarfs. Peter of Russia, though raised by his native genius far above a barbarian, was nevertheless, still many degrees removed from actual refinement. His pleasures therefore were of the vulgar kind, and this was among the number.—In the year 1710 upon a certain day, which he had ordered to be proclaimed several months before, he invited the whole body of his courtiers and all the foreign ambassadors, to be present at the marriage of a pigmy man and woman. The preparations for this wedding were not only very grand, but executed in a style of barbarous ridicule.

He ordered, that all the dwarf men and women, within two hundred miles, should repair to the capital; and also insisted that they should be present at the ceremony. For this purpose, he supplied them with proper vehicles, but so contrived that one horse was seen carrying a dozen of them into the city at once, while the mob followed shouting, and laughing from behind. Some of them were at first unwilling to obey an order, which they knew was calculated to turn them into ridicule, and did not come, but he soon obliged them to obey; and as a punishment enjoined that that they should wait upon the rest at dinner. The whole company of dwarfs amounted to seventy, besides the bride and bridegroom who were richly adorned, and in the extremity of the fashion. For this little company in miniature, every thing was suitably provided; a low table, small plates, little glasses, and in short every thing was so fitted as if they had dwindled to their own standard. It was his great pleasure to see their gravity and their pride; the contention of the women for places, and the envy for superiority. This point he attempted to adjust by ordering that the most diminutive should take the lead; but this bred disputes, for none would then consent to sit foremost. These difficulties were at last settled and dancing followed the dinner, the ball being opened with a minuet by the bridegroom, who measured exactly three feet five inches high. In the end matters were so contrived, that this little company, who met together in gloomy pride, and unwilling to be pleased, being at last familiarized to laughter, joined in the diversion, and became extremely sprightly and entertaining.

The memory of the famous Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, was improved by industry to such a degree, that he could readily repeat any thing he had penned, after once reading. At the ringing of the church-bell, he generally began to commit his sermons to memory, and so strongly retained what he had acquired, that he used to say, that in a speech premeditated, he could not be interrupted by the shouting of a thousand auditors. Sir Francis Bacon reading to him the last clauses of ten lines in Erasmus's paraphrase, in a confused manner; after a small pause, he rehearsed these broken parcels of sentences properly, and the contrary, without stumbling.

Sherwin, who was by nature designed for a painter, in order to be revenged on an elder brother, who had beat him, exclaimed,—"I will raise the devil to punish you." He then drew upon the floor so frightful a picture, that both the brothers stood motionless with horror, until their father came to break the spell.

Macklin one night sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the under-bred box lobby loungers of the present day stood up immediately before him, which person being rather large, covered the sight of the stage entirely from him. Macklin took fire at this, but managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and, with much seeming civility, requested of him that when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the stage, to let him and the gentleman with him know of it, "for you see, sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on your kindness." This had the desired effect—and the lounger walked off.

"Foote and Dr. Johnson being in company together, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation. Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former as the present reign; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly wrong, Sam; but I see you are deceived, you cannot distinguish them now as formerly, for the fellows all come in *breeches* to the capital of late years."

Epitaph—*in Standford Church-yard, Essex.*

Here lies
The body of Richard Clarke, &c.
Who lies here?—Who do you think?
Poor old Clarke—give him some drink.
What, dead men drink?—the reason why;—
When he was alive he was always dry.
And four of his children.

The life of Shenstone was passed in an amusement which was to him an eternal source of disappointment and anguish. His favorite *ferme ornée*, while it displayed all the taste and elegancies of the poet, displayed also his characteristic poverty. His feeling mind was often pained by those invidious comparisons which the vulgar were perpetually making with the stately scenes of Hagley's neighboring magnificence.

Imitation Pearls. The Chinese have recourse to an equally curious and ingenious method of imitating real pearls. At the beginning of summer, when the oysters appear above the water and open in the sun, they have in readiness five or six pearls made out of mother pearl, which are strung upon a thread, and separated from one another by knots. A string of pearls of this kind is put into each of the oysters, which immediately sink with their prizes to the bottom of the water. A year afterwards they are taken up, and the artificial pearls are found covered with a new coat, which fully equals in beauty the surface of the genuine ones.

From the Boston Advertiser.

Mr. Hale,—As it is much more fashionable for ladies to make poetry than puddings, I have feared that under the following were something beside plain prose, it would receive no notice from your readers, although it possesses so much excellence of its own.

EVE'S PUDDING.

If you want a good pudding mind what you are taught—
Take of eggs six in number when bought for a groat;
The fruit with which Eve her husband did cozen,
Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen:
Six ounces of bread, let Moll eat the crust,
And crumble the rest as fine as the dust;
Six ounces of currants from the stone you must sort,
Lest you break out your teeth and spoil all the sport;
Six ounces of sugar wont make it too sweet,
Some salt and some nutmeg will make it complete:
Three hours let it boil without any flutter,
But *Adam* wont like it without wine and butter.

Epitaph in Llanfair church-yard, North Wales.

Life is a fish-pond, as we plainly see,
God is the fisherman, the fishes we;
Awhile he condescends with us to play,
Then slily steals us one by one away.

Epitaph in a church-yard, in Nottinghamshire.

"Here lies the body of John Alston, late landlord of the Three Crowns, in the joyful expectation of receiving a fourth when he gets up again."

Abernethy. The eccentricities of a man of genius usually constitute the most prominent feature in the personal character; and, in general, wherever there is talent of any kind, some peculiarity of manner exists. With respect to Mr. Abernethy, there was no real moroseness of disposition; and his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling of independence. He neither sought to recommend himself nor win his patients, by any of those tricks which are daily practised at the expense of sacrificing opinion and feeling to policy. His mind disqualified him from adopting that affected interest which distinguishes many of the well bred physicians and he heartily despised their little arts to obtain popularity. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus; "Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad, [his favorite word] you may go about your business—I don't want to have any thing to do with you; hold your tongue and be off." In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day, who was well acquainted with his invincible repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and therefore forebore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits, in the following manner: First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger. Abernethy—"Cut?" Lady—"Bite." A.—"Dog?" L.—"Parrot." A.—"Go home and poultice it." Second day—finger held out again. A.—Worse; go home and poultice it again." Third day—finger held out as before. A.—"Better?" L.—"Well." A.—"You are the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good bye—get out." Another lady, having scalded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it, three successive days when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says "Burnt." A.—"I see it," and, having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm and says, "Better." A.—"I know it." Third day—again showing the arm—Patient—"Well." A.—"Any fool can tell that. What d'ye come again for?—Get away!" A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain in the arm, and, holding it up to the air, said, "It always eases the pain when I hold it up so." "Then why do you hold it up so?" (*Metropolitan.*

Moral Temperance.—Temperance Societies against *physical* indulgence, are very numerous and certainly useful; but the word is so used that it seems to be almost restricted, in its reference, to spirituous or fermented liquors. *Moral* temperance is, perhaps, an object of less personal and public care. He who scrupulously abstains from brandy or wine, will nevertheless give way to anger, spite, petulance, envy, arrogance, pride, intolerance. In every respect, except the one, he may not practice the least self denial, nor consult the comfort, happiness, rights and wants of those over whom he has controul, or with whom he is connected. He may be passionate and proscriptive, egotistical and ambitious, sour and harsh, avaricious and unjust, all the time he so zealously preaches abstinence, and binds himself and others to repudiate the bottle. We should be glad to hear of the formation of societies for the observance and recommendation of *moral* temperance;—for mutual pledges with regard to the social and domestic virtues, to the government and softening of our moral nature. It is nearly as bad to thrust against the lips of others, "the cup of bitterness," as it is good to dash away the cup of whiskey;—it is not much worse to disorder the head with drink, than to neglect the faults and vices of the spirit.—*National Gazette.*

[Very good; but there is much more opportunity for, and hope of, "moral temperance," where physical temperance is practised. Indeed the former cannot exist where the latter is wanting. Let us have both if possible.]

An Irishman's way to get a Dinner.—Captain —— of this town, being becalmed in St. George's Channel, had his ship visited by an Irishman in a small boat from the shore. The son of Erin being troubled with the 'keen demands of appetite,' thus addressed the captain:—'And troth, captain, will ye go on shore if I will give ye some eggs and chickens?' Partly to obtain eggs and chickens, and partly for amusement, he concluded to go on shore, and ordered his boat to put in readiness. As they were about to leave the ship Patrick, in pure Irish style, intimated to the captain that some *beef* and *pork* would be very acceptable to 'Nelly and the little ones.' Of course some liberal pieces of each were taken on shore and delivered to Nelly to cook for dinner, whom Patrick thus addressed:—'Nelly, my honey, is ye had some eggs and chickens would'nt ye give them to the captain?' 'Arn't plase ye'r honour, captain,' said Nelly, 'and that I would with all my heart.' Patrick, turning to the captain, said, 'Is'nt she a swate crature, captain?' The captain enjoyed the joke much better than he would have done the best chickens ever hatched.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

No one will charge either the ancient Romans or the modern English with inferiority in mental distinction, and yet almost the whole of the Roman sources of eminence in the arts of civilization were foreign. Their music, painting, and sculpture were Greek; their laws Greek; their architecture Greek. In war their borrowing was equally conspicuous. Their weapons, their armour, their standards, their military rewards, their art of fortification, their military machines, were all borrowed from strangers.

England has been just as great a borrower, if we were to judge merely from her language. Our principal terms of sculpture and of painting are Italian: our military terms are French; our navigation has largely borrowed its language from the Dutch and Flemings; our system of accounts, loans and banking, are Italian; our coats are made by a *tailleur*; our wives' gowns by a milliner (a Milanese) or a mantua maker; our hunting vocabulary, our horsemanship, hawking, and fieldsports in general have borrowed largely from the French; our cookery is daily borrowing so much from the French, that is will require a Parisian education to sit at an English table. The chief uses of the old English are to be found in the names of things connected with tillage. The names of science, and its instruments and operations, are principally modelled on the Greek. The botanical names of flowers are generally Latin. And yet England has contrived, like Rome, to do prodigiously well on the system of borrowing; or rather, is not the good sense that dictates the general adoption of all that is useful among strangers, the true guide to greatness in men or nations?

From the Atlas of Saturday last.

PARLIAMENTARY THEATRICALS.

As we have been compelled for so long a time to occupy the columns of the Atlas with the serious, and perhaps to many readers often tiresome question of political Reform, and are even yet not free from its discussion, we are gratified to have it in our power to enliven the associations of the Bill with Reform expressed in verse, and its arguments illustrated or enforced with the customary allowance of "Hear," "Cheers," &c. &c.—the *Scene* merely being transferred from the walls of St. Stephen's to the Edinburgh theatre, and Mr. Murray's opening address being made to answer for one from the presiding officer of the House.

"Now is the summer of our discontent.
Made glorious winter," (cheers), and on profit bent
Doctors of all degrees return to town;
Learning resumes her rod, the law her gown.
Flies to the house, and drags the wig well curl'd,
As from Pandora's box to fret the world. (Laughter.)
Now Madam Eve with lengthened visage sees
Her votaries flying the autumnal breeze,—
All seek the town, as rattling down each glen
Roar the trade winds that fill our sheep again.
(Cheers and laughter.)
While the sun with summer's work half dead,
Puts his brief candle out, and hastes to bed;
We take the hint, recall our wandering corps,
And as day closes, open wide our doors. (Applause.)
Our harvest needs not the bright god of loom,
As Falstaff says, we're "minions of the moon."
(Much applause.)
"Diana Forester's" gay lads of shade
Who 'neath a borrowed light pursue our trade,
And who, like Falstaff's rogues, "sound men and true,"
Lighten your spirits and your pockets too
(Laughter and cheers.)
Since last we parted I suppose you've been
Changing, like your poor servants here, the scene;
Naples and Venice may have met your eyes,
Or Florence, sparkling 'neath Italian skies,
Yet could their splendours, crowned by lordly Rome,
Quite, gentle friends, eradicate "sweet home?"
Na,—speak sincerely, and I'm sure you'll own,
You've seen nought homier than your ain gude town!
(Cheers.)
Like that good honest laird, whom doctors drove
From Tweed's fair bank, o'er Europe's plains to rove—
When safe returned he kissed his native ground,
His friends and relatives throng anxious round—
"Weel, tell us, Sandy, where, man, ha' ye been,
What mountain clambered, and what cities seen?"
"Why, truly, neighbours, I've no much to tell,
I've been to Paris, like it pretty well;—
At Brussels, Berlin, and a place they ca'—
Host—host—a Brig of Earn place—man—the Spaw;
Seen Mount Vesuvius rising from afar,
Like a lass's dandy smoking his cigar!
(Laughter and cheers.)
But love of home no foreign land enfeebles,
"Paris—oh fie—for pleasure give me Peebles,"
(Laughter.)
Then let us hope the same kind feeling sends
Back to these walls, unchanged, unchanging friends.
(Cheers.
You will have knowledge, since we closed these doors
We have not lately slept upon our oars.
For, since the fashion now is reformation,
We have been busy too in alteration,
Have made our Lower Boxes six feet ten,
Allowing room for fully six feet men.—(Cheers.)
Restored the price of votes in schedule F,
And in return sent back to schedule G,
Ten Boxes ta'en from upper schedule B.
(Laughter and Cheers.)
All has been done our time or means could do,
Approval rests, my Lords and Gents, with you.
(Cheers.)
Our Bill, with its amendments, we submit
"To you, dread Boxes, Gallery, and Pit,
Assured an honest sentence we shall meet.
Tho' every member here has bought his seat.
(Laughter and much Cheering.)
So to end all debates, i'faith here goes,
To find which carries it—the Ayes or Noes—
You'll own I'm Speaker—(Laughter)—(though when
first on viot
The real speaker could Not keep you quiet.)
Suppose me seated—white upon the ear
Burst cries of 'Question'—mixed with 'Hear, hear, hear,'
The wordy battle rends the heated air,
I call to 'Order,' you cry 'Chair, chair, chair.'
At length my lungs official still the mass,
Is it your pleasure that this Bill do pass?
You that approve, applaud and save it,"
(Tremendous cheering.)
"Not a dissentient murmur—the Ayes have it."
A long continued burst of applause followed this address.

THE BRAVO.

As Mr. Cooper has betaken himself to European subjects, and writes on the other side of the water, it is of the more interest to know how this course is regarded by transatlantic critics. The following is from the London Spectator:—*ib.*

The *Bravo* is a bravo of Venice,—a city which, according to the romance-writers, grows bravoes as thick as hops in Kent or Cabbages at Battersea. Mr. Cooper, it would seem—a republican in America—has been to study the remains of the republic of Venice; and, carried away by the mystery that attaches to its character, being well charged with the luminous details of Darn, and reflecting that Venice was the classic ground of romance, has followed the example of Shakspeare, Otway, Schiller, Radcliffe, and Byron, and once more introduced us to the Rialto and the Bridge of Sighs. We would he had chosen the sea for his element, and the deck of a man of war for his scene, instead of the Lagunes of Venice and the Place of St. Mark. His story does not fail to contain scenes of interest, and observations of considerable pith and shrewdness; but it is too evidently a task—the deliberate plot of the novel writer, who has resolved to trade in the vulgar love of mystery and crime. We deny not the praise of well-drawn pictures and energetic dialogues; but we sadly want the freshness, truth, and originality of former novels of the same author. In leaving America, he has left the land of his inspiration.

The Bravo turns out to be no bravo at all; he never struck a hired blow; he has consented only to bear the ignominy, in return for the indulgence of visiting his father, who is wasting his life under the terrible leads of the Venetian prison. After being accused of every crime committed in the state for years, he at length falls a victim to the ruthless Council of Three, who have employed him, and who finally permit or cause his execution, for a crime which had been perpetrated by themselves. His innocence is only made known to a young and innocent creature he is attached to—the daughter of his gaoler—and to the priest who confesses him, when he dies amidst the execrations of the deluded mob.

The following extract is one that admits of being easily detached from the story; it is the visit of the Bravo Jacopo, alias Carlo, to his parent; who has grown imbecile from the confinement in the prison of the Doge.

"The hand of Gelsomina lingered on the lock, but, admonished by his impatient eye, she complied, and they entered the cell.

"Father!" exclaimed the Bravo, hastening to the side of a pallet that lay on the floor.

"The attenuated and feeble form of an old man rose at the word; and an eye which, while it spoke mental feebleness, was at that moment even brighter than that of his son, glared on the faces of Gelsomina and her companion.

'Thou hast not suffered, as I had feared, by this sudden change, father!' continued the latter, kneeling by the side of the straw. 'Thine eye, and cheek, and countenance are better than in the damp caves below!'

'I am happy here,' returned the prisoner;—'there is light, and though they have given me too much of it, thou canst never know, my boy, the joy of looking at the day, after so long a night.'

'He is better, Gelsomina!—They have not yet destroyed him. See!—his eye is bright even, and his cheek has a glow?'

'They are ever so, after passing the winter in the lower dungeons,' whispered the gentle girl.

'Hast thou news for me, boy?—What things from thy mother?'

Jacopo bowed his head to conceal the anguish occasioned by this question, which he now heard for the hundredth time.

'She is happy, father—happy as one can be, who so well loves thee, when away from thy side.'

'Does she speak of me often?'

'The last word, that I heard from her lips, was thy name.'

'Holy Maria bless her! I trust she remembers me in her prayers?'

'Doubt it not, father,—they are the prayers of an angel!'

'And thy patient sister?—thou hast not named her, son.'

'She too is well, father.'

'Has she ceased to blame herself for being the innocent cause of my suffering?'

'She has.'

'Then she pines no longer over a blow that cannot be helped.'

'The Bravo seemed to search for relief in the sympathizing eye of the pale and speechless Gelsomina.

'She has ceased to pine, father,' he uttered with compelled calmness.

'Thou hast ever loved thy sister, boy, with manly tenderness. Thy heart is kind, as I have reason to know. If God has given me grief, he has blessed me in my children!'

A long pause followed, during which the parent seemed to muse on the past, while the child rejoiced in the suspension of questions which harrowed his soul, since those of whom the other spoke had long been the victims of family misfortune. The old man—for the prisoner was aged as well as feeble—turned his look on the still kneeling Bravo, thoughtfully, and continued.

'There is little hope of thy sister marrying, for none are fond of tying themselves to the proscribed.'

'She wishes it not, she wishes it not—she is happy with my mother!'

'It is a happiness the republic will not begrudge. Is there no hope of our being able to meet soon?'

'Thou will meet my mother,—yes, that pleasure will come at last.'

'It is a weary time since any of my blood, but thee, has stood in my sight. Kneel, that I may bless thee.'

Jacopo, who had arisen under his mental torture, obeyed, and bowed his head in reverence to receive the paternal benediction. The lips of the old man moved, and his eyes were turned to heaven, but his language was of the heart, rather than that of the tongue. Gelsomina bent her head to her bosom, and seemed to unite her prayers to those of the prisoner. When the silent but solemn ceremony was ended, each made the customary sign of the cross, and Jacopo kissed the wrinkled hand of the captive.

'Hast thou hope for me?' the old man asked, this pious and grateful duty done. 'Do they still promise to let me look upon the sun again?'

'They do. They promise fair.'

'Would that their words were true! I have lived on hope, for a weary time—I have now been within these walls more than four years, methinks.'

Jacopo did not answer, for he knew that his father named the period only that he himself had been permitted to see him.

'I built upon the expectation, that the Doge would remember his ancient servant, and open my prison-doors.'

Still Jacopo was silent, for the Doge, of whom the other spoke, had long been dead.

'And yet I should be grateful, for Maria and the Saints have not forgotten me. I am not without any pleasures, in captivity.'

'God be praised!' exclaimed the Bravo. 'In what manner dost thou ease thy sorrows, father?'

'Look hither, boy,' returned the old man, whose eye betrayed a mixture of feverish excitement, caused by the recent change in his prison, and the growing imbecility of a mind that was gradually losing its powers for want of use; 'dost thou see the rent in that bit of wood? It opens with the heat, from time to time, and since I have been an inhabitant here, that fissure has doubled in length—I sometimes fancy that when it reaches the knot, the hearts of the Senators will soften, and that my doors will open. There is a satisfaction in watching its increase as it lengthens, inch by inch, year after year!'

'Is this all?'

'Nay, I have other pleasures. There was a spider the past year, that wove his web from yonder beam; and he was a companion, too, that I loved to see; wilt thou look boy if there is hope of his coming back?'

'I see him not;' whispered the Bravo.

'Well, there is always the hope of its return. The flies will enter soon, and then he will be looking for his prey. They may shut me up on a false charge, and keep me weary years from my wife and daughter, but they cannot rob me of all my happiness!'

The aged captive was mute and thoughtful. A childish impatience glowed in his eye; and he gazed from the rent, the companion of so many solitary summers, to the face of his son, like one who began to distrust his enjoyments.

'Well, let them take it away,' he said, burying his head beneath the covering of his bed; 'I will not curse them!'

'Father!'

'The prisoner made no reply.

'Father!'

'Jacopo!'

'In his turn the Bravo was speechless. He did not venture, even, to steal a glance toward the breathless and attentive Gelsomina, though his bosom heaved with longing to examine her guileless features.

'Dost thou hear me, son?' continued the prisoner, uncovering his head; 'dost thou really think they will have the heart to chase the spider from my cell?'

'They will leave thee this pleasure, father, for it touches neither their power nor their fame. So long as the Senate can keep its foot on the neck of the people, and so long as it can keep the semblance of a good name, it will not envy thee this.'

'Blessed Maria, make me thankful'—I had my fears, child; for it is not pleasant to lose any friend in a cell!'

Jacopo then proceeded to soothe the mind of the prisoner, and he gradually led his thoughts to other subjects. He bid by the bedside a few articles of food, that he was allowed to bring with him, and again holding out the hope of eventual liberation, he proposed to take his leave.

'I will try to believe thee, son,' said the old man, who had good reason to distrust assurances so often made. 'I will do all I can to believe it. Thou wilt tell thy mother, that I never cease to think of her, and to pray for her: and thou wilt bless thy sister, in the name of her poor imprisoned parent.'"

This work contains a masterly view of the constitution of Venice. The observations of the author are perhaps too grave for novel-readers; but they bespeak that freedom from prejudice and habit of unbiassed speculation, to be expected in a citizen of the United States."

SOUTHERN EMIGRATION.

The following article from the Charleston City Gazette, is equally instructive as to facts and entertaining in the recital. The versinilitude of the negro portrait and the negro versification will be admitted by all who have enjoyed an opportunity for forming an opinion.—*ib.*

"The rage for emigration from the South to the West and South-West, has, of late years, suffered great diminution, less from the absence of the desire, than from sheer exhaustion of the material. We see enough of it however, to deplore. A journey through the woods of Alabama and Georgia, affords sufficient subject for observation and remark, in the still numerous emigrants, we meet with, on the go, for that quarter; seeking, in the proverbially fertile region of the Father of Waters (Mississippi) those rewards for enterprise and industry, which are comparatively denied to them in the more barren and exhausted fields of our own country. There is much in the mode and manner of emigration among these wanderers, that, though always interesting and picturesque, is, not unfrequently, melancholy and humiliating in the extreme. You see the little families—sometimes two, three or four from the same section of country, making of it, a kind of, colonizing expedition: and as they have been neighbors all their lives before in one part of the world, settling down together, as such, in the part to which they go. They carry their household gods and society along with them; not the least important portion of their moveables, and perhaps, the only solace for a change of home when in years, and an abode in an unknown and uncultivated wilderness. You will see them, with their *force*—as it is called—of from ten to twenty, thirty, or more hands; a string of four or five wagons; a jersey or two, invariably, among them—and an occasional pack, and sundry saddle horses, trudging along, in even rows through the woods—at a slow pace, of ten to fifteen miles a day, as their creatures or themselves prove more or less fatigued, encamping by night apart from the road, commonly in a circle, with sundry huge fires, illuminating the wilderness for miles with strange, fluctuating and fantastic lights, according to the interruption of space or scenery. As they journey by day, some ride, some walk, alternating for relief—some are thoughtful, perhaps sad, as some over-meddlesome recollection haunts them with threatening or imploring shadows—others again, and not the fewer number—for the life of labor and adventure teaches indifference in time to the more touching emotions, as we may ascertain by the parlance of the mariner—cheerily singing some native ditty, and when they meet with travellers like themselves—an event which, in some of our woods, may well be likened to "a sail" at sea—cracking with them some hearty joke, upon their trim and caparison, &c. with a glee that would sound strangely in the ears of the milk-and-water citizens moping over the recollection of that home, from which he is, for the first time in his life, perhaps, a melancholy wanderer. The negroes are particularly famous for the lightheartedness of their habit while journeying in this manner. We have seen some twenty or thirty surrounding a jersey wagon with a strange delight pictured in every countenance, oddly enough indicated by the grinning of their lustrous white teeth through the undrawn sables of their capacious lips, listening to the rude harmony of some ruder violin, of which there are always one or more, on every tolerable plantation in the up country; while the driver of the wagon, perched on the seat, the reins loosely flung over his left arm, in the hand of which, the soiled and shattered instrument—the cracked seams of which are, half the time, caulked with tar—is scraped unmercifully, until it yields the necessary quantity of woodland melody to satisfy the amateur who performs and the no less critical company of connoisseurs who surround him. The whites hang about at a little distance, not less delighted than their slaves, and partaking in as great a degree, though with a more subdued exhibition of its effects, in the gentle influence and impulse which the scene is so well calculated to inspire. Thus they cheer the long way before them, and rob weariness and labor of half their disquietudes. In one instance, we remember to have encountered with a party of this description, and under similar circumstances, in which the grinning Momus of the group: the musician of the *emigrés*—had some pretentions to a somewhat loftier vein, and at intervals indulged himself in a running accompaniment, in words, to the strains which he sent forth, and which we doubt not, were perfectly original. He satirized all around with an impunity, which led us to consider his relationship to his owner, as not unlike that of the ancient jester with his feudal lord, and the privileges which he evidently exercised in this respect, led us to pay more attention to the matter of his songs than we otherwise might have been disposed to do. Some of the words we picked up, and a few emendations excepted, as sacrifices to rhythm, in which, strange to say, he seemed more at a loss than in rhyme, we may submit the following, as not altogether unlike those of the rude *artiste*, from whom they have been purloined.

I born in Sout Calina,
Fine country ebber seen;
I guine from Sout Calina,
I guine to New Orlean.
Old boss, he discontentum—
He take he mare, black Fanny,
He buy a pedlar wagon,
And he boun' for Lousy-Anna.
He boun' &c.
Old Debble, Lousy-Anna

He gone five day in Georgy,
Fine place for egg and ham;
When he git among de Ingens,
And he push for Alabam.
He look bout pon de prairie,
Where de hear de cotton grow;
But he spirit still contrary,
An he must fa'der go.
He boun', &c.
Old Debble, &c.

He look at Mrs. Soapy, [Mississippi],
Good lady nough dey say,
But he tink de State look sleepy,
And so, he fuse to stay.
When once he left Calina,
And on he mare black Fanny,
He take not off he bridle bit,
Till he get to Lousy-Anna.

GRAND CHORUS.

Old debble Lousy-Anna,
Dat scarecrow for poor Nigger,
Where de sugar cane grow to pine tree,
And de pine tree turn to sugar, &c.

Thus it runs on, through perhaps a dozen verses, in all of which immediate reference is had to local objects, accompanied equally by a direct prospective and perspective reference to the things which he has had and enjoyed, and the probable circumstances of his fu-

ture lot. The touch at his master's wandering and discontented habit, is certainly a hit. The purchase of the peglar wagon, after the itinerant has sold his wares, is as certain, as the selling of his woods-raft by the Pittsburgh boatman, when he has deposited his cargo on the Levee at New-Orleans The entire song, as we heard it, abounds in distinct allusion, to the life which is led by nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand; and includes, with scarce a variation, every particular common to the observation of the negro, whether as concerns himself or his master.

MOST UNNATURAL MARRIAGE.

This community has been excited in a most extraordinary degree during the whole week, by the report of a man, whose name we forbear mentioning at present, living in town, having married his own sister. On Tuesday the sister was arrested and brought before the Mayor, and after a private hearing of all the evidence, she was committed to bail in the sum of one thousand dollars, to appear at the next Mayor's Court. The brother against whom a warrant was also issued, is understood to have left the city. The evidence to prove the marriage and the relationship of the parties, is this. He and his sister are both natives of England; the former is about fifty years old, and has been twenty-five years in this country; the sister is about forty, and has been here but two years. He belonged to a benevolent association in this city, and one evening, while walking with one of its members, about two weeks ago, he disclosed the fact of his having been married to his own sister. The person to whom the disclosure was made, was shocked in the extreme, and enquired what earthly motive could induce him to commit a crime so repugnant to all moral and divine laws. He replied that he had his late wife (who died very suddenly about five months ago) had not lived happily together, and he thought it would be best to marry his sister, as it would then be all in the family, and he would be certain to live comfortably. After this, he mentioned the circumstance to several persons, and no legal measures being instituted, he began to boast of it, until it spread, and become a topic of general conversation in the neighbourhood.

Enquiries being set on foot by the Mayor, warrants were issued as soon as the evidence was considered sufficiently strong, and the female was arrested. The brother has repeatedly declared that this woman was his sister. She joined her brother in this city, about two years ago, in consequence of the decease of all their relations in England, and took up her abode in his house. He has shown many of her letters to different persons, and if the united testimony of the parties is to be believed, there can be no doubt of their being brother and sister. The wife is alleged to have died without any previous illness, and so suddenly as to be unknown to many of the neighbours, until they received invitations to the funeral. Her decease took place about five months ago, and we understand that suspicion is so strongly excited, that it is probable the body of the deceased wife will be disinterred for medical examination.—Should that occur, the readers of this paper will be fully apprised of all the particulars at an early day.

The unnatural marriage is said to have been effected in Germantown, by an Episcopal Minister; who was of course ignorant of the near relation of the parties. This took place nearly two months ago, so that the wife could have been but three months dead. As we are aware that a multitude of rumours are in circulation on the subject, great care has been taken to obtain the above particulars in the most responsible quarters, and they are believed to be substantially correct.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Dr. Priestly. Much as I had heard and read about Dr. Priestly, I did not know his person till the year 1788, when curiosity induced me to accompany a friend to hear a lecture which he delivered on a Sunday afternoon. Amongst various other designations, we had been told that he was 'a deluded visionary,' and 'a proud and haughty scorner;' but we discovered such a delineation to be unjust, having no resemblance to reality. When we entered the place, we found a man of about the middle stature, slenderly made, remarkably placid, modest, and courteous, pouring out, with the simplicity of a child, the great stores of his most capacious mind to a considerable number of young persons of both sexes, whom with the familiarity and kindness of a friend, he encouraged to ask him questions, either during the lecture or after it, if he advanced any thing which wanted explanation, or struck them in a light different from his own. The impression made upon us was so strong, that we never failed afterwards to attend on such occasions in order to profit by his lessons, and we frequently went to hear him preach, until he was driven from the town, in 1791. His lectures were peculiarly instructive; and the general tenour of his sermons was practical, urging to the cultivation of universal benevolence, the earnest pursuit of knowledge, and the most unrestrained free inquiry upon all important subjects, He was the most unassuming, candid man I ever knew; and never did I hear from his lips, either in lecture or sermon, one illiberal sentiment, or one harsh expression concerning any persons who differed from him, not even of the individuals who were so much in the practice of abusing him and traducing his character.—*Matthews on the intellectual state of the working classes at Birmingham.*

BIGAMY.—The following case of bigamy occurred in London. There are many similar cases in every *civilized* country. And what is worse, it is almost impossible for either party to procure a divorce.

Yesterday an old woman, evidently a confirmed gin-drinker, presented herself before Mr. Rawlinson, when the following dialogue took place:

The old woman (laying a marriage certificate before him) 'Please your Worship, I wants to know if I'm married to my husband?'

Mr. Rawlinson.—How can I tell; I was not present.'

Old woman.—'Look at the paper, your Worship, for he says I'm not his wife at all.'

Mr. Rawlinson looked at the document—'Yes, I see it is a marriage certificate; therefore it belongs to you, you must be married to him.'

Old woman—'That the very thing I wants to know; but he beats me, and says he's not married to me. Mr. Webster there (pointing to one of the officers) knows me very well.'

Webster.—'Oh, yes, I know her very well; she's almost continually drunk.'

Mr. Rawlinson.—'Your appeal for character was very unfortunate. You seem to be married to gin also, and seem to love that husband the best of the two; wherefore, perhaps, the husband of whom you complain feels indignant at holding only the second place in your affections, and wishes to get rid of you.'

Old Woman.—'But that's no reason why I should be killed at once.

Mr. Rawlinson.—'You are killing yourself by inches, which will amount to the same thing in the end.'

Old Woman.—'He wont give me money to get gin. I suppose I may take my little things away?'

Mr. Rawlinson.—'If you want relief from him you must apply to the parish.'

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS.—[From the old Records of Massachusetts, between the years 1630 and 1650.]

Sir Richard Saltonstall, fined 4 bushels of malt, for his absence from the court.

Josias Plastow shall, for stealing 4 baskets of corn from the Indians, return them 8 baskets again, be fined £5 and hereafter be called Josias, and not Mr. as he used to be.

Joyce Bradwick shall give unto Alexander Beeks, 20s. for promising him marriage without her friends' consent and now refusing to perform the same.

Thomas Peter for suspicion of slander, idleness and stubbornness, is to be severely whipt and kept in hold.

Richard Turner, for being notoriously drunk, was fined £2.

Edward Palmer, for his extortion, taking 32s. 7d. for the plank and work of Boston stocks, is fined £6 and sentenced to be set an hour in the stocks.

John White is bound in £10 to be of good behaviour, and not to come into the company of his neighbour Thomas Bull's wife alone.

The world is flooded with anecdotes of Johnson. Let me record an anecdote of one of his hearers. He and Burke were one evening, I believe, at the Misses Cotterell's, when the conversation turned upon the great poets of antiquity. At length, it was settled on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil. Johnson was for Homer, Burke for Virgil. Johnson poured out a prodigious quantity of thought upon the vividness, originality and grandeur of the Greek. Burke delighted in the sustained majesty, the mingled pathos and vigor, and the mellifluous eloquence of the Roman. The argument went on for hours, while no one present thought of interrupting so noble a display of genius on both sides, At length, a young lady's eye glanced on her watch, and to her surprise, finding that it was past midnight, she whispered the hour to her mother. 'Child,' said the mother, indignant at being disturbed, 'tell me that the house is on fire, for nothing else can be an excuse for leaving such conversation.

Matter of Fact. I am what the old women call an 'odd stick.' I do nothing without a motive, I attempt nothing unless I think there is a probability of my succeeding; I ask no favors where I do not think they may be granted; I grant no favors where I think they are not deserved; and finally, I do not wait upon the girls, when I think my attention would be disagreeable. I am a matter of fact man. I do things seriously. I once offered to attend a lady to her home. I did it seriously; that is, I meant to wait upon her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer. I went home with her, and it has ever since been an enigma to me, whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm and said not a word. I went home with her and she said not a word. I bade her good night and she said not a word. I met her the next day and I said not a word. I met her again and she gave me a two hours talk. She feared I was offended, but could not conceive why. She begged me to explain, but gave me no chance. She hoped I'd not be offended; asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me, whether she wanted me to call or not. I once saw a lady at her window. I thought I would call. I did. I enquired for the lady and was informed she was not at home. I went away doubting. I met that l y afterwards. She asked me to call. I thanked her, but did not call. I met her again; she was offended; called me unneighborly; reproached me for my negligence; thought me unkind, and I have ever since wondered whether she was sorry or not. Thus have things appeared to me doubtful, mysterious. What then is it that causes doubt and mystery to attend the ways of men? It is the want of fact. This is a matter of fact world, and in order to act well in it, we must deal only in matter of fact. (*Northern Star.*)

Dr. Franklin's Parable against Persecution. The following beautiful imitation of the historical style of the Old Testament, was written by Dr. Franklin, and by him communicated to Lord Kaimes.

And it came to pass after these things, that Abrahama sat in the door of his tent about the going down of the sun.

And behold a man bent with age coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on a staff.

And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet and tarry all night, and then thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go thy way.

And the man said nay, for I will abide under this tree.

But Abraham pressed him greatly, so he turned and went into the tent and Abraham baked unleavened bread and they did eat.

And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, why dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things.

And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

And God called unto him, saying: Abraham, where is the stranger?

And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

And God said, I have borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me: and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

Boswell. In the last number of the Edinburgh Review, Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, is depicted as the most contemptible of blockheads, although he is acknowledged to be the prince of biographers. Party spirit had a large share in dictating this contradictory or solecistical opinion, as well as the sentence which is pronounced upon Crocker's edition of Boswell's Johnson. In one of Dugald Stewart's notes to his Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, that impartial and eminent philosopher remarks of Boswell:

'His stories, which I have often listened to with delight, seldom failed to improve wonderfully in such a keeping as his memory afforded; they were much more amusing than even his printed anecdotes; not only from the picturesque style of his conversational, or rather his convivial diction, but perhaps still more from the whimsical seriousness of his face and manner. As for those anecdotes which he destined for the public, they were deprived of any chance of this sort of improvement, by the scrupulous fidelity with which (probably from a secret distrust of the accuracy of his recollection) he was accustomed to record every conversation which he thought interesting, a few hours after it took place." (*National Gazette.*)

Fighting Kings. What have governments hitherto been? Governments of war. What has royalty been? A royalty of war. It commenced by conducting armed men to combat. War was then an institution both useful and important, and of high consideration. Although war has sunk in value, and industry has acquired influence, royalty still retains the prejudice of the warlike age; it despises industry. The progress of industry has therefore taken place in spite of power. For example, how angry would Louis XIV. have been, had he been called the chief of dealers and manufacturers. A sucking king bears a sword, epaulettes, and well squared boots, before he is able to sit on a horse. Arrived at man's estate, the trade of war is all that he learns; and he passes his life among a crowd of officers, manœuvering troops. War is his element; and to such a degree, that the pacific Louis XVIII. thought it indispensable to fix the epaulettes of a Colonel upon his alderman-like body.—*Le Globe.*

Forcing a Passage. Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's, near Charing Cross, London, one of them only got out, and the coach stood across the pathway, which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side and desired the coachman to move on a little; the fellow was surly, and refused: the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and with boots and spurs stept through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the great discomposure of the lady within, as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed that "if this was a thorough fare, they had as much right to it as the gemmen," and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

From the National Republican.

THE WAGONER.

God bless you, honest wagoner!
But, sir, your coat and vest
Were out of date a month ago—
Your hat is not the best—
You are not whiskered nor perfumed—
You have no glove or fan—
You are no dandy—but you are
Another thing—a man.

And you are awkward, wagoner;
Your feet are not turned out—
You sit, and stand, and walk upright,
And will not lounge about;
How you would tread a parlor floor
Upon a morning "call?"
Your motions, like your notions, are
By far too natural.

You are not polished, wagoner,
For you will smile or frown,
Just as you love or loathe a man,
And kiss or knock him down;
You have not learned to smile—in hate,
To compliment and—cheat;
Your soul comes forth in speech and look
To every man you meet.

But when the crowd of souls shall stand
Disrobed of mortal clay—
When, from each jewel mind, the dress
Of earth shall fall away—
When sin shall grow more dark and dull,
And only Virtue shine—
What gem among earth's varnished ones,
Shall sparkle more than thine! L. M. N.

Gretna Green, or Grainey: a village or parish in Scotland, in Dumfries, on Solway frith, eight miles north of Carlisle. It is the first stage in Scotland, from England, and has for more than seventy years been famous as the place of celebration of the marriages of fugitive lovers from England. According to the Scottish law, it is only necessary for a couple to declare before a justice of the peace, that they are unmarried, and wish to be married, in order to conclude a lawful marriage. It has been calculated that about sixty-five marriages take place here annually. A blacksmith was a long time the justice of the peace. His usual fee was fifteen guineas.

Punctuation.—Authors often send their manuscript to press without comma or semicolon, leaving those little matters to the judgment of the compositor. Yet the misplacing of a single comma, is often fatal to the intended meaning of the sentence; and if it not be nonsense already, it has every chance of becoming so. The late Mr. Sharpe committed a strange blunder of this kind, when he wrote the following under the likeness of his patron saint—'Believing Richard Brothers to be prophet sent, by God I here engraved his portrait,' had he removed the comma two words forward, the assertion would have been very different.

A few years ago, when Handel's L'Allegro Il Pensero, was performed at Birmingham, the passage most admired was—

Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew *iron tears* down Pluto's cheek.

The great manufacturers and mechanics of the place were inconceivably delighted with the idea, because, they said, they had never heard of anything *in iron* before, that could not be made at Birmingham.

Sandwich Island Coronation.—The present Lord Byron is a naval officer, and was employed to convey to their country the bodies of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, where he assisted at the coronation of the new king. A part of the ceremony consisted in crossing two swords over the royal head—one of the weapons being held by the prime minister, Billy Pitt, and the other by Lord Byron. The latter, after going through the august rite, turned to the populace, and brandishing his sword, exclaimed in English, "Now, hang ye, obey the King."—*The Album.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 7th, Wm. H. Ellet, M.D., to Miss Elizabeth F. Lummis.

On the 7th, Thomas F. Harkness, to Miss Mary Ann Roderick.

On the 7th, John R. Hamilton, Esq. of Quebec, to Miss Eliza Racey.

On the 8th, David Jenkins, to Mrs. Margaret Mocgans.

On the 10th, Samuel Bradbury, to Miss Ann, daughter of Richard Dann.

On the 8th, Thomas Tucker, of Quebec, to Miss Frances Fowler.

At Philadelphia, George B. Hall, to Mary Newton, daughter of the late Cromie Stevenson, Esq.—Major John Erving, U.S. Army, to Emmy Sophia, daughter of the late Thomas Langton Edwin, Esq. of N.H.

At Haverhill, Mass. Wm H. Brown, son of the late Capt. Eli Brown, of the U.S. Navy, to Miss Caroline, daughter of Col. Phineas Sargeant.

At Newark, Alexander W. Dunn, to Miss Charlotte Kellogg.

At Bristol, Conn. Wm. Shepard, son of Oliver Shepard, Esq. to Miss Emily Trowbridge.

At Cromwell, Conn. D. Rains Kirby, to Miss Harriet N. De Wolf.

At Farmington, Ordon C. Pratt, of Middletown, to Miss Charlotte Fairchild.

DIED,

In this city, on the 8th, Catharine, aged 72, wife of Dennis Donovan.

On the 5th, David Currie, 55, late Lieut. in the U.S.A.

On the 8th, Mrs Jane Sands, widow of the late Edward Sands.

On the 7th, the Rev. Luke Berry.

On the 5th, John O. Burnham, 28, late Secretary of the M. Exchange Co.

On the 9th, Mrs. Mary Dale, 63, widow of the late Robert Dale, Esq.

On the 5th, Br. Cornelius C. Blackley, 59.

At Brooklyn, John M. Brower, of Newport, R.I. 54.

At Trenton, Charles Ewing, youngest child of Lloyd, Esq. formerly of this city.

At Hartford, Mrs Ruth Patten, relict of the Rev. William Patten, and daughter of President Wheelock, of Dartmouth College.

At Goshen, Capt. Charles Hopkins, 78.

At Bridgeport, Conn. Samuel Lockwood, 25, and Ezra Robbins, 55.

At Norfolk, Elisha T Washburn, 26, son of the late Rev. Joseph Washburn, of Farmington.

In Halifax county, N.C. Isham Faison, Esq.

At Washington, N.C. Washington Lazarus, Esq. attorney at law, 32.

At Charleston, S.C. Col. John Johnson, Jr. brother to Judge Johnson, of the U.S. Supreme Court.

At Terre Haute, Indiana, Russel H. Robbins, 32, of Rocky Hill, Conn.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 12 for 1851, drawn Dec. 14—9 29 14 26 6 42 47 46 37 54.

Sylvester has again sold several capitals. The holders of prizes will please draw for the amount.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Dec 24—Extra 36, $20,000, 10,000 ..... $5
Dec 25—Extra 37, 3 of $10,000 ..... $5

From the fact of my always selling the $10,000 prizes, this scheme is called Sylvester's Lottery.

Jan. 4—Extra 38, $20,000 ..... $5
Jan. 11—Reg. Class 13, $30,000, 10,000, 4,000—48 numbers, 7 drawn $10

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those wanting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current" (published every Wednesday) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

☞ Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N York.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. *Dec.* 17.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of Kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $3 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 4-5th ton); Picton Coals, $3 per chaldron. From the yard—Sydney Coals, course, $11 50 per chaldron; do, mixed, $10 50 per do; do, screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

Dentists Instrumente.

FOR Dentists and private use, just imported, a full assortment of very neat sets of Dentists Instruments, answering all purposes for cleansing, filling and preserving the teeth. For sale at the Drug and Chemical Store of

DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER, 277 Broadway.

NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS, established in 1828, for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c. for the use of Protestant Episcopalians.

Stock Publications.—Bibles, of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopal Tracts, and Sunday School Books, (of instruction and for libraries;) and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books; The Churchman's Almanac for 1852, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York—$4 per 100.

Miscellaneous Publications.—Life of Bishop Heber, in 2v. 8vo. with a portrait; Works of Bishop Ravenscroft, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo. with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, (Bowden, Cooke, &c.) 2 vols. 12mo. A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of brief lectures, by Bishop J. B. Sumner, of Chester, Eng.—408 pages 12mo. price 56 cents. In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestant Kempis; and The Communicant's Companion.

Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity, 12mo. 4 vols. annually, at $3 per ann. in advance; The Churchman, (religious newspaper) 4to. weekly, $4 per annum in advance—Rev. W.R. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visiter & Sunday-School Magazine, (rel. newspaper) cap. 4to. weekly, $1 per ann.—edited by the same; The Children's Magazine, (religious) with cuts and cover, 24 pages 12mo. monthly, at 25 cents per annum—edited by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-off. President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent.—Depository, No. 61 Lumber street. *June* 1.

JOHNSON'S
PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD,

Manufactured at No. 188 *Grand street.*

ACROSTIC.

J oin'd to a scientific plan,
O f ease and comfort unto man,
H igh merit claims our warmest lay.
N or Justice will her meed delay;
S ince Genius in its onward flight,
O pens new sources of delight;
N or can the Cynic dull decry,
'S uch enterprise its warranty.

P lac'd by a PARLOUR'S cheerful fire,
A s round fierce *Winter* spreads his ire,
'T is pleasant on this Couch to rest,
E njoying slumbers soft and blest:
N ight yields to sleep its peaceful hours,
T he renovation of our pow'rs.

S o in a STEAMBOAT, or HOTEL,
O f use most excellent 'tis found;
F or Fame shall proudly on it dwell,
A nd sound its praise to all around.

B y night, a BED in trim array,
E nclos'd, a SOFA neat by day,
D isplaying Elegance and Art,
S o well combin'd in every part,
T hat in each State and rising town,
E steem'd, the *Sofa Bedstead* 's known;
A nd while its worth is thus confess'd,
D eep Gratitude must speak the rest.

Dec. 17.

RIDING SCHOOL.

MR. ROULSTONE informs those gentlemen who may wish his instruction, that his evening school has commenced, and he would be happy to give his attention to those who may put themselves under his direction. Those gentlemen who have been taught by him can attend for practice when convenient for them.

His school is open every evening from 7 to 9 o'clock; likewise his school for ladies from 9 to 2 every day. His drawing rooms, as well as riding department, are sufficiently warm for those out of health and wishing for exercise. dec. 17

MUSICAL PARTIES. *At Broadway Coffee House, 616 Broadway.*—WM. RANDOLL informs his friends and the public, that his Musical Parties continue every Monday evening at 7 o'clock. dec. 17.

PREMIUM PAPERS.

THE subscriber has been awarded the first Premium Silver Medals at the recent Fairs in New York and Philadelphia, held under the auspices of the American and Franklin Institutes of said cities, for his superior and elegant Satin, White, Tinted, Embossed, Gilt, and Perfumed Letter, Note, and other Papers. To those who have seen them on the late occasions, here and at Philadelphia, no comment is deemed necessary; but as there are thousands in both cities who could not gain admittance, owing to crowded rooms, they can now be accommodated by calling at his Paper Warehouse, 45 John street, New York. The writing papers of his manufactory may be known from others, as the maker's name is stamped on or in each sheet. It is hoped that after four years' successful competition, with first premium each year for the said and a variety of other Papers, the public will be satisfied of their merits.

R. DONALDSON, 45 John street.

N. B. Printing, Stainers', wrapping Papers; Book, Trunk and Bandbox Boards, made at his Factory and for sale as above.

Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania.

The Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions wish to make the following additions and corrections to their report of the late Exhibition, published in the National Gazette of 31st ult. It was there stated that the premium on Post or Letter Paper was not strictly due; from the additional observations of the Judges on Stationary, which they hereto annex, they are pleased to have it in their power to add the following words:—Premium No. 19 is due to Robt. Donaldson of N. York, for Specimen No. —, being 10 reams, (part of 100 manufactured of the best white vel. quarto Letter Paper,) which the Judges report to be the best presented at this Exhibition, and better than any they recollect ever seeing at any of the preceding Exhibitions, and fully entitled to the premium. Philadelphia, Nov. 11th, 1851.

By order of the Committee of Premiums and Exhibitions. WM. A. KEATING, Chairman.

Second Report of the Judges on Stationary.

The undersigned, members of the Committee of Judges on books, papers, stationary, &c. presented at the late exhibition of the Franklin Institute, would represent to the committee on Premiums and Exhibitions, that they believe some mistake or misunderstanding has taken place in relation to the relative merits of papers presented by Mr. Donaldson, and by the Brandywine Manufacturing Company. They wish to be understood as stating that Mr. Donaldson's Quarto Letter Paper was the best paper presented at the Exhibition, that it was better than any they recollect ever seeing at the preceding exhibitions, and that as it came fully within the conditions proposed by the Institute, they believe that Mr. Donaldson is fairly entitled to the Silver Medal.

Philadelphia, Nov. 2, 1851. P. A. BROWNE,
WM. RYLE,
dec.10 S.M. STEWART.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC,

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
dec.3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Rose sts.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

THE Vegetable Pectoral Elixir is one of the best medicines known at the present time for the cure of colds, coughs, diseases of the lungs, pain in the breast, &c. Sold by the proprietor's agent, N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.
dec.3. 38 Cedar, corner of William st.

PREMIUM TRUSS.

THE subscriber, Inventor and proprietor of the HIGHLY IMPROVED American Graduated and Permanent Adjusted TRUSS, for which a PREMIUM was awarded at the late Grand Fair of the American Institute, has removed his office to No. 1 Ann street, opposite the American Museum, where he will be pleased to supply persons afflicted with RUPTURE, Druggists and Physicians, with this new Instrument. The high character it has acquired in the short time it has been before the public is a sure test of its utility. Many of the most eminent Surgeons have given their unbiassed testimony in its favour. The most desperate cases have been relieved by it, and in fact all who have used it are convinced of its excellence.

Several of the oldest and most skillful mechanics in this city have minutely examined and compared it with "Dr. Hull's Truss," and have unhesitatingly given their certificates and affidavits that "the two Trusses bear no mechanical resemblance whatever to each other, but are as widely different as such instruments can possibly be."

Will the public be pleased to consider the malicious insinuations and gratuitous interference of "Dr. Hull" with the subscriber and his Truss as unworthy their notice, and examine for themselves "for seeing is believing, and feeling, the naked truth."

All orders promptly attended to.

A. SHERMAN,
April 9 tf No. 1 Ann street.

CARRIAGES.

THE subscriber has on hand and is constantly receiving from the best manufacturers an elegant assortment of every description of Carriages, which he will sell on as reasonable terms as any other establishment in the city. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Spokes and ash and oak Felloes of a superior quality for sale low. JOHN THOMPSON,
dec.10. Corner Grand and Wooster streets.

The new Cement for filling Hollow and Carious Teeth.

THE many inconveniences that have hitherto attended filling up the cavities of hollow and decayed teeth, prevented until now dentistry from arriving at such a degree of perfection as medical men have anxiously diffused,—the subscriber flatters himself that the following new Cement will be found to remove all the inconveniences, that have been hitherto felt by those who suffer from hollow or carious teeth.

This paste is soft, may be applied by any one without professional assistance, causes no pain whatever, and does not in the least affect the nerve of the tooth; nor is it so expensive as any of the methods generally used by those who have been afflicted with this very common and painful complaint. Just imported, and offered for sale by Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
dec.10. 377 Broadway.

The Genuine German Purifying Pills.

THESE Pills privileged by Austrian Authorities, are used in Germany since a whole century, for the best ingredients to purify the blood and they are likewise kept in high sanction in the state of Pensylvania. The subscriber assures his countrymen and the public, that he keeps this article in its genuine state, and offers it for sale at his Drug and Chemical Store, No. 377 Broadway. DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER

WORM SUGAR PLUMS

AN efficacious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale and retail by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,
Nov.26.e 38 Cedar, c. of William st.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale by Wm. Beastall, 148 Fulton st. N. York, the Old Colony Collection of Sacred Music, consisting of anthems, solos, choruses, duetts, &c. selected from the works of the most celebrated authors, and arranged for the organ and piano forte, by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, 3d edition, improved, for sale by WM. BEASTALL,
Nov.26.e 148 Fulton st. N.Y.

MEDICINE SPOONS, for administering food medicine to children and invalids, to be had at MARSHALL C. SLOCUM'S Drug & Chemical store, 303 Broadway, corner of Duane st. where Druggists may also obtain a supply, an invoice of which, having just been received.

KELLY'S PERCURO,

FOR the cure of CONSUMPTIONS, Coughs, diseases of the Breast, Lungs, &c.—This deservedly celebrated medicine is now in constant use, and attended with the happiest consequences. Such is its success that it has in a great degree overcome the prejudice which it had in the first instance to encounter; so much so that some respectable practitioners recommend it in their practice, and esteem it as a valuable and efficatious medicine. All persons having consumption or disease of the lungs or have any reason to conclude, from symptoms that such disease is approaching, are recommended to make immediate use of the Percuro, as they may be assured that no medicine heretofore known, or that has been employed in consumption, can compete with it, it having performed effectual cures whe all hopes were relinquished by some of the most scientific and experienced medical men in our day.

For sale by the proprietor, 230 Stanton, or corner of Warren and Greenwich sts. New York, where may be seen many certificates of its efficacy. tf21

STACEY PANCOAST,

Nos. 90 & 92 *Centre-Street,*

At the head of Canal-steet, and next door to the Gas Factory, NEW-YORK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to manufacture Silver and Prince's Metals, Plated Ware of all kinds.—Also, Saddlery, Coach and Harness furniture of every description, hollow ware filled Mouldings, Coach and Gig Lamps of all sizes, calculated for the American and Spanish markets; Crests, and every kind of Ornaments; military and figured Buttons; all of which will be finished equal to any imported.

Gentlemen from the country can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of the instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Cooper, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D. and John C. Cheesman, M.D.

August 6 1y38

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

These teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE; and with their *colour, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a *liberal* and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful patronage with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Decayed teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platina. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus (tartar), hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost ease and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumboils, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. R. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chambers street.

IN PRESS.—McElrath & Bangs have in press and will shortly publish, the following works—

Wirt's Patrick Henry—Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry, by Wm. Wirt, with the last corrections by the author. The work will be published in one beautiful octavo volume, large new type, with a portrait of Patrick Henry, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks.

Village Sermons, or sixty-five plain and short Discourses on the principal doctrines of the Gospel intended for families, or companies assembled for religious instruction in country villages, by George Burder.

Webster's Elementary Primer, or First Lessons for Children, being an introduction to the Elementary Spelling Book, by Noah Webster.

The Primer will be ready in a few weeks. One set of stereotype plates, with the privilege of publishing west of the Allegany mountains for 14 years from the date of the copy-right, will be sold on good terms. McELRATH & BANGS,
Publishers, New-York